Col. Qaddafi, Italian Capitalist *Michael Ledeen*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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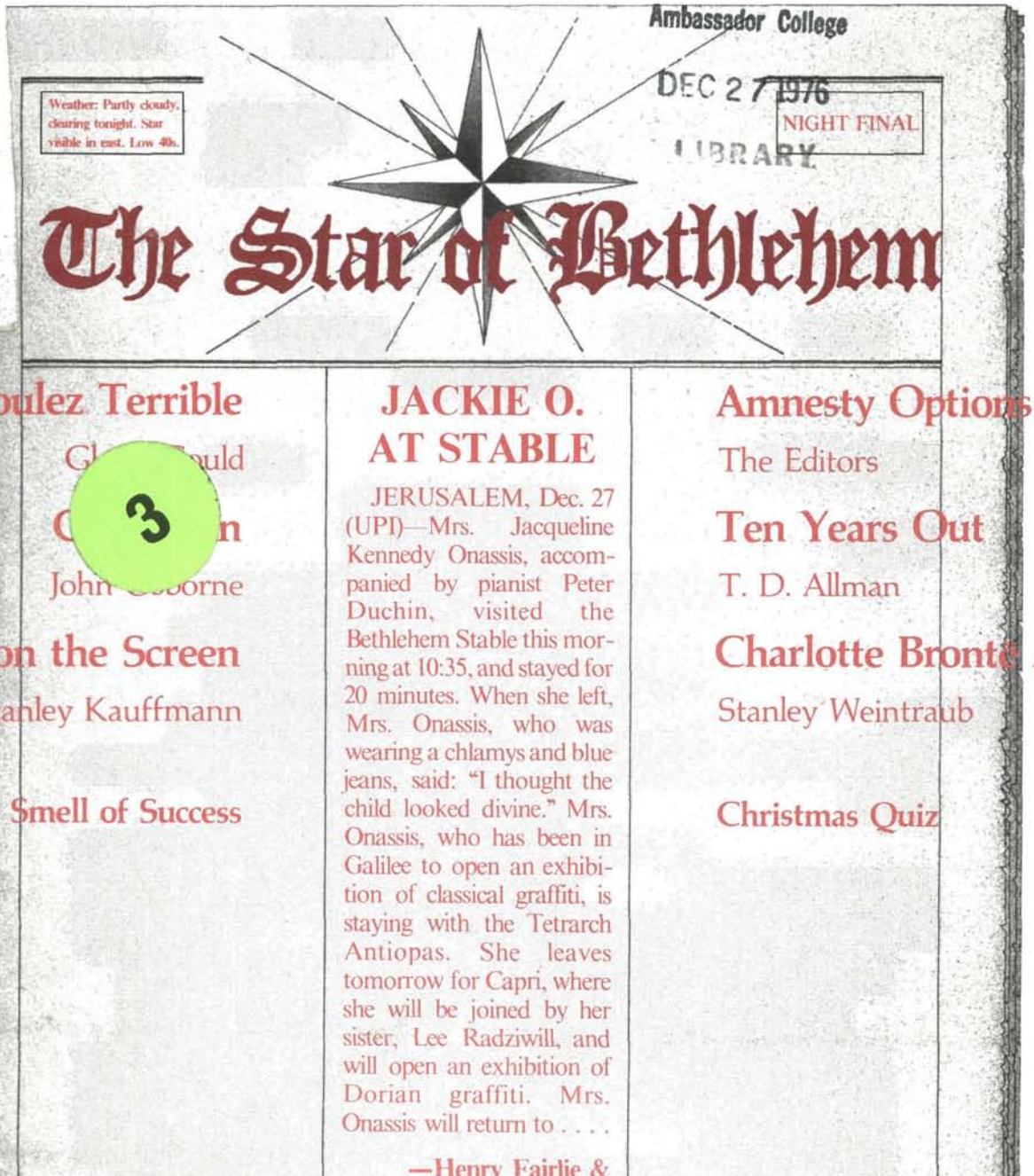

Le Boulez Terrible

Gl[illegible]uld

C[illegible]n

John [illegible]borne

Blood on the Screen

Stanley Kauffmann

Smell of Success

JACKIE O. AT STABLE

JERUSALEM, Dec. 27 (UPI)—Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, accompanied by pianist Peter Duchin, visited the Bethlehem Stable this morning at 10:35, and stayed for 20 minutes. When she left, Mrs. Onassis, who was wearing a chlamys and blue jeans, said: "I thought the child looked divine." Mrs. Onassis, who has been in Galilee to open an exhibition of classical graffiti, is staying with the Tetrarch Antiopas. She leaves tomorrow for Capri, where she will be joined by her sister, Lee Radziwill, and will open an exhibition of Dorian graffiti. Mrs. Onassis will return to . . . .

—Henry Fairlie &
[illegible]

Amnesty Options

The Editors

Ten Years Out

T. D. Allman

Charlotte Brontë Alone

Stanley Weintraub

Christmas Quiz

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TRB

from Washington ®
December 25, 1976

Fife and Drums, Please

The time has come to speak of McKonkey's Ferry and Assumpinck Creek, of Major General Baron Wilhelm von Knyphausen, and of Durham boats, 50 feet long, eight feet wide, that hold 50 men. It is mortally cold, with dark water sweeping under the barges and wind bumping the craft with ice chunks. It is Christmas night 200 years ago. (A little soft music, please—with tender German tunes interrupted by crescendo and cannon shots.) George Washington is crossing the Delaware.

Yes, the Bicentennial year is about over now, all but a little bit. We have done it full justice; better than our ancestors did perhaps in the 1876 Centennial, when President Grant opened the fair at Philadelphia with Dom Pedro, emperor of Brazil. We have sent exhibits abroad; the Russians shouted and pleaded to get in before it closed in Moscow last week. The next anniversary will be the Tricentennial.

Only there's a bit more to be said; that war they started at Philadelphia, July 4, with the splendid pledge "our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor," hasn't been won yet. As a matter of fact it won't be won, the way things are going. Congress has fled Philadelphia to Baltimore ("the damndest hole in the world," wrote one disgusted congressman; "Think of it: the poorest board without any liquor—*a dollar a day*!"). Washington in 1776 has been chased out of New York and across the Jerseys, one jump ahead of Lord Howe. The Hessian mercenaries under von Knyphausen have arrived. So confident of victory is Howe that he puts his troops in winter quarters; gentlemen don't fight in wintertime. And why hurry? Every day weakens Washington's little army.

Their enlistment is up with New Year and half will go home. Washington writes his brother, December 18, of his fears. Yet, on the other hand, if he could devise some bold move, something dashing to give heart to his troops; Col. Rhall's brigade of Hessians is celebrating Christmas at Trenton. Perhaps . . . .

Old von Knyphausen thinks the rebels are "country clowns." But his wide-eyed soldiers don't hate the foe; they are curious. They have plundered their way across Jersey, changing American neutrals to angry rebels; one Hessian private even got a grandfather clock into New York on horseback.

Now Washington must decide. He has every reason to surrender; he attacks. At Mount Vernon there are games of cards, sometimes for high stakes. He decides now on a bold gamble, what he describes as "the enterprize at Trenton."

Late in the afternoon on December 24, officers hold their last council of war; the Delaware is about 600 feet wide, shallow and ice-covered save at midstream; the current five miles an hour; the Durham barges are grain and ore boats—long things—propelled by four boatmen on walking boards, using 18-foot poles. About 80 boats hidden. There will be three crossings Christmas night, it is planned, the main column at McKonkey's ferry, near Assumpinck Creek.

Washington writes, December 23, "Christmas Day, at night, one hour before day, is the time fixed for our attempt at Trenton." If he loses he loses everything; there will be no army, no Republic, no meaning 200 years later to the words that the crowds in Moscow came last week to the US Bicentennial exhibit to read: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal" and endowed with inalienable rights, including "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Waiting at the ferry house that night one officer writes, "I have never seen Washington so determined . . . He is calm and collected but very determined."

He must be determined. Of the three columns supposed to cross the river his is the only one to make it. At four a.m., December 26, the advance begins. Snow, sleet, wind, floating ice, blackness, freezing cold. Washington leads 2400 men upstream nine miles in darkness. They attack at sunrise; achieve complete surprise. "*Was ist's?*" bawls Col. Rhall from his window in his nightgown. Col. Johann Gottlieb Rhall . . . he died soon after. The Americans fire grapeshot down the village's two main streets. The Hessians surrender. American casualties: none killed, two wounded; two frozen to death. One thousand prisoners.

That wasn't the end either. Two days later with spirits roused and a $10 bounty for six weeks' additional service, the Americans re-enlist. Lord Cornwallis returns with 8000 reenforcements to Trenton to "bag the old fox." Washington eludes him by the trick of leaving his campfires burning and makes a second lightning attack on his rear guard at Princeton. Washington cooly rallies the militia at one point within 20 paces of the enemy—a big man on a big horse, the best rider in the colonies. By a miracle he isn't killed.

Lord Howe complains that Washington's troops move "with so much more alacrity than we possibly can." The combat load for the British private is crushing and the officers, of course, must have baggage wagons. Americans are lucky to have shoes. British infantry are used to maneuvering on open European terrain uncluttered by streams, gulleys and this damnable underbrush. The native people are resigned and silent. Here at Trenton a farmer's wife comes down to the Americans with fresh mince pies.

"All our hopes were blasted by the unhappy affair at Trenton," wrote Lord George German, later on, the British Secretary of War. Frederick the Great called it the most brilliant operation in all military history.

And so let us have a bit of music here, please, as we say farewell to the Bicentennial. Something to remind us that we haven't half celebrated it, that after all those noble words at Philadelphia came the struggle to make them good—as it always does. Full orchestration, please; yes, loud and boastful and bombastic, half Tchaikovsky, half John Philip Sousa. In three Christmas weeks Washington and 5000 men have undone everything the British did, protected Philadelphia, recovered the Jerseys, saved the nation. You get the idea; music that is tender and martial by turns with that jigging little tune running through it; what is it? fife and drums accent it; the words are hard to hear but they are jaunty and saucy; something about ". . . And with the girls be handy" or some other nonsense.

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Amnesty Options

In one of his first official acts as President, Jimmy Carter may offer his answer to the most vexing remnant of the Indochina war years: what to do about amnesty, or pardon, or clemency. Because of its timing and complexity, this decision will do at least as much as Carter's cabinet and White House staff selections to set the tone of his presidency. More than any other immediate decision he faces, Carter's choice on amnesty is measurable in human terms; unfortunately it has been defined almost entirely as a political issue. An important factor in the success of whatever program the new President advances will be his ability to set aside the most strident political claims and get to the human dimension.

Supporters of unconditional amnesty for all categories of offenders tend to describe every alternative proposal as an invidious compromise, rhetoric that rekindles the fire of Vietnam. Amnesties, they say, have been issued to resisters after every war, and there is ample precedent to go beyond the limited Ford clemency program. At the same time, they call upon the new President for an across-the-board program on grounds of political expedience, arguing that the predictable outcry from the veterans' organizations will be no more intense if the proclamation is total than if it is built on a legalistic, procedurally awkward case-by-case review. Besides, some of amnesty's most prominent advocates say, the black and brown communities to which Carter is much indebted for his election will not benefit unless the program is extended beyond draft resisters to include deserters and veterans with bad discharges. They are right on the facts; but political debt is a slender reed on which to support an argument of principle.

On the other side, opponents charge that unconditional amnesty would diminish the sacrifices of the 2,500,000 veterans who served in Vietnam and the families of the soldiers who lost their lives. They argue that treating all cases alike would demean the applicants themselves, whose predicaments arise from widely divergent circumstances. They believe there is no need for further action; in the words of a past national commander of the American Legion, Robert E. L. Eaton, "The Ford administration gave those who wanted to every opportunity to make their peace and come back home."

There is also the fear that leniency toward Vietnam offenders might

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undermine America's future ability to mobilize and maintain a strong military force. It's as if a war is planned for tomorrow. Charles Kirbo, Mr. Carter's designee to meet with representatives of the amnesty movement in recent days, apparently shares this fear.

No one has come forward to identify the great harm suffered by the military as a result of past acts of executive clemency. Yet those who buttress their arguments with historical precedent are also prone to overstatement. In the last century, war-related amnesties and pardons were often politically inspired; they constitute a limited precedent for the present controversy. Many presidential clemency actions have been conditioned upon surrender to the military and return to duty, for example. After 1900, as the scope of war widened, the effects of presidential amnesties narrowed. President Coolidge's 1923 pardon of federal prisoners who had been convicted of opposing the government and the draft during World War I affected only 31 persons.

It was another 10 years before FDR restored civil rights to other World War I resisters, about 1500 in all. Two of Harry Truman's four clemency proclamations returned civil rights to war *supporters* (criminals who had been released on condition of military service), not war resisters. Another of Truman's actions restored civil rights to peacetime deserters, and the last established a case-by-case review of World War II resisters. None of these provided relief for those who fled the country to avoid prosecution. Overall, presidential clemencies most often have merely restored citizenship, with no pardon or even mitigation of the prison sentence. Set in this context, what the new President is being asked to adopt is a sweeping proposition indeed.

Carter's campaign statements and the Democratic Party platform may give the most reliable clues to the scope of his upcoming proclamation. During the primaries, Carter promised a "blanket pardon" for draft resisters in or outside the country who had *not* served in the armed forces. In one of the only genuine disputes with the Carter forces, the Democratic Platform Committee extended that commitment to cover all those in legal or financial jeopardy arising from their opposition to the war, with deserters to be treated on a case-by-case basis.

Carter has also been notoriously insistent on drawing a semantic distinction between "pardon" and "amnesty," and his position is not unique. Although the subtlety has no basis whatever in American law, traditionally amnesty connotes full official forgetfulness, an obliteration of the past offense from the public record, while pardon suggests only that the penalties for the offense are removed. The President-elect's distinction is slightly different, drawn, he has said, "to assuage my own conscience." Amnesty, in Carter's terms, "says what you did was right; pardon says whether what you did was right or wrong, you are forgiven for it." His persistent semantic differentiation has advanced the evolution of the meaning of the words. Pardon now implies guilt; amnesty does not, and that distinction has taken root in informed political opinion.

The nuance is important, but there is a limit to what semantic distinctions, legal precedents and political obligations can tell us. Just because we have never had an unconditional amnesty of the kind being urged on Carter does not mean that it is inappropriate. The human dimension is more instructive. Consider the people whose lives are affected—the military deserters, those with punitive discharges and civilian defectors, resisters and dissidents.

- Draft resisters. There are about 4000 men who refused induction or went underground and are now under indictment.
- Military deserters at-large: Estimates vary widely, but this category apparently holds about 20,000, and these men are clearly victims of jingoist rhetoric. They are often characterized as having deserted their comrades in battle. In fact, the Ford clemency board found that, even broadly defined, battlefield defections represented only one case in a thousand.
- Non-registrants. At least half-a-million and perhaps four times that number of American men avoided Vietnam by avoiding the Selective Service; they simply failed to register. For the most part, they are in no apparent danger of indictment.
- Excludable aliens. About 7500 men took out foreign citizenship and now lack any means of returning home safely or regaining US citizenship.
- Civilian protesters. An uncertain number of civilians committed acts of conscientious resistance (ranging from destroying draft files and blocking troop trains to displaying the flag upside down) for which they were prosecuted and convicted under criminal statutes.
- Veterans with less-than-honorable discharges. Until Vietnam, the discharge system was used arbitrarily against only Communists and homosexuals. During the Indochina era, however, administrative discharges—the less-than-honorable categories—were used systematically as an unappealable form of punishment for dissent, covering a range of sins such as publishing antiwar literature, refusing to be assigned to Vietnam and dozens of others not directly related to resistance or conscientious objection. This category comprises an enormous number of men, about 790,000 by some estimates, including many whom Carter referred to during the campaign when he said, "Where I live, most of the young people who were drafted are poor or black. They didn't know where Canada was, they didn't know where Sweden was, they didn't have enough money to hide in college. They went to Vietnam." And many of them are now burdened for life with the stigma of less-than-honorable discharges.

The general terms of a blanket pardon are relatively

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easy to anticipate. It would mean ending all prosecutions under the Selective Service Act, for example, and wiping clean criminal records for previous convictions. By waiving a portion of the Immigration Act, excludable aliens and draft resisters living abroad could be permitted to return. It would be possible to draft a pardon that would simply expunge charges under military law that are not classified as crimes in civilian life (refusal to serve in Vietnam, or desertion in non-combat circumstances) and upgrade across-the-board all administrative discharges. At the same time, records of civilian convictions for protest-related charges would be similarly expunged. All this would greatly reduce the need for a bureaucracy to handle a case-by-case review process—which many people concede will be necessary to sort through the more complicated categories of civil and military disobedience.

The inequities and prolonged social and economic privations of the administrative discharge categories cannot be ignored in any general pardon, and we find it difficult to imagine that a new President pledged to diminish governmental inefficiency will start by creating the bureaucratic sprawl necessary for a judicious review of more than three quarters of a million potential appeals. There is sufficient evidence from the Ford clemency board of what will not be accomplished in a narrowly conceived, politically safe approach to the Vietnam pardon issue.

A wise and compassionate pardon cannot attempt to hedge against national security requirements of future wars. The circumstances next time (should there be a next time) will inevitably be as different from Vietnam as Vietnam was from World War II. A sweeping pardon or unconditional amnesty would not diminish a citizen's responsibility during a time of war, for the nation's resolve in times of crisis does not derive from legal precedent.

What matters now is the future—represented by the thousands of men in the categories enumerated above. For them and their families, the President-elect can close the book on an undistinguished decade and offer a fresh start.

White House Watch

Closing In

While the press concentrated upon Jimmy Carter's Cabinet choices and the conflicts of interest and ideology that delayed some of them, the President-elect in Georgia and a few of his transition assistants in Washington closed in slowly and quietly in mid-December upon a problem that is central to the solution of a larger problem that he made for himself with his campaign promises to reorganize the federal government. The central problem is how to organize and use his White House staff, the instrument through which any President in these times must principally direct and control the vast federal establishment—to the limited extent, as some of the Carter people are learning and beginning to say, that it can be directed and controlled from the center.

The learning process, it develops, began much sooner than anyone would have realized from candidate Carter's frequently simplistic campaign references to the structure and business of government. Harrison Wellford, a 36-year-old Charlotte, NC, attorney who is overseeing the preliminary studies of federal organization and possible ways to improve it, and four associates spent last summer analyzing the structures and functions of nine councils and offices that exist alongside the White House Office and the Office of Management and Budget within the overall Executive Office of the President. Wellford and an expanded team of 12 associates got at serious study of the core White House operations, including some that had been looked at but not analyzed in depth during the summer, after the election and after Carter's transition coordinator, Atlanta attorney Jack Watson, set himself up in Washington at the head of the biggest entity in a preparatory force of some 200 people. The gist of what Watson, Wellford and their helpers appeared to have learned and to be learning in mid-December about the White House as it is and as in essence it's bound to be under any President comprises the remainder of this report.

It's agreed, has been informally reported to Carter and is soon to be formally reported to him in memoranda that he as President must have a White House staff large enough and of sufficient quality to serve him directly and personally in certain basic areas. Among them are the diverse and enormous range of interests and issues dubbed "domestic affairs;" national security and foreign policy; congressional relations; economics; and public relations, which depending upon the President's wishes may mean anything from the bare supply of minimal information to the elaborate propaganda apparatus that was created under Richard Nixon, cut back by Gerald Ford at the start of his presidency, and again enlarged for his campaign purposes. There is total recognition that the President must have in the persons of his chief assistant for domestic affairs, whatever the title, and in that individual's assistants, people who have only one client—the President—and only one body of interests—the President's interests. It is also recognized and is soon to be impressed upon the President-elect, if argument on the point be necessary, that the chief assistant and the staff charged with domestic affairs must be capable of discerning, sorting out and

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identifying for the President the many and often conflicting interests and factions within the major departments that will inevitably condition the proposals and recommendations that come to him from the departments.

An important question is whether recognition and acceptance of these realities can be reconciled with the President-elect's declared intention to let his Cabinet members, the heads of the major departments, run those departments without interference or bossing from the White House. And reconciled, too, with Jimmy Carter's declared intention to make the same department heads his principal advisers in their fields. The firm belief of the senior transitionists in Washington, beginning with Jack Watson, is that these seemingly contradictory requirements can be reconciled. The controlling proposition being put to Carter—not that he needs to be persuaded of its validity—is that White House monitors don't have to be White House intruders and overseers. A related proposition is that department heads and ranking department subordinates with interests that may not be identical with the President's interests are not thereby debarred from advising him. All that is needed, in this view, is a staff that has the knowledge, capacity and authority to identify the divergences of interest and make certain that the President is aware of them. Perhaps the most important point that incumbent assistants have effectively argued with Carter's emissaries is that the staff services that a President deems essential to his way of conducting his office must be retained within his own establishment and cannot be farmed outside the White House proper.

Both the areas of basic presidential need and the basic functions of the presidential staff as they are being described and reported to Jimmy Carter are to all effects identical with those prevailing at the Ford White House. It does not follow, however, that the Carter staff must be identical in either structure or numbers with the Ford staff. The belief of Jack Watson and presumably of his associates is that the necessary services to the new President can be provided by substantially fewer people than the 655, including 312 "professionals," who presently staff the key White House Office (485); Domestic Council (50); and National Security Council (125, including 47 "professionals"). Some of the reductions that Carter is pledged to accomplish may be imposed upon such White House units as the liaison staff maintaining contact with special-interest groups (blacks, Hispanics, Indians, trade associations, etc.) and the communications office that serves and cultivates publications and electronic media outside Washington.

Cutting back operations that are generally considered marginal may not be all that easy. The special groups, for instance, include constituencies that come to regard direct access to the White House as a matter of right once they get it, even if it's access to assistants who seldom or never see the President. Are publications, television and radio stations that are not represented in Washington to be deprived of services and special attention that many of them have similarly come to expect and value? This is the kind of hard question that the Carter transitionists are already up against and that the President-elect will have to deal with before he takes office. After the first of two press conferences in Atlanta during the week of December 13, Carter confided to reporters that he had just promised visiting mayors that two assistants on his personal staff will look after the legislative and other concerns of cities and counties. Four of the 25 "professionals" on the Ford Domestic Council staff do that now, full time. Carter's promise to the mayors may be read as an indication that he will be keeping others of that staff's functions, if not the structure as it's now constituted, within his personal establishment.

The organizational point that Carter publicly emphasizes nowadays is his repeated promise during his primary and general election campaigns to consolidate and simplify the federal government and bureaucracy. Inquiry as to what he has in mind, beyond the generalization, produces an interesting clarification. It is said that he does not intend, as the casual listener might suppose, to recommend the sort of massive consolidation of domestic departments that Richard Nixon proposed and Congress ignored. Carter is said to have in mind what Jack Watson calls "consolidation from below, a consolidation of functions" rather than "consolidation from the top" of departments and agencies as such. Such a consolidation of functions would have to entail some consolidation of agencies or at least of bureaus within agencies and departments. One example cited is the possible transfer of administration of the food-stamp program from the Department of Agriculture to wherever all public assistance programs are concentrated—presumably but not necessarily in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare (HEW), a monster that must be targeted for dismantlement if the kind of consolidation of functions that Jack Watson talks about is to have meaning and reality.

John Osborne

COMING: a report on Carter's national security adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski— by Suetonius

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To a Gadfly

Peter Lisagor, the reporter and commentator who died of multiple cancers in a hospital near Washington on December 10, reminded the writer of this note of Socrates. This may seem odd, considering the many differences between them. Socrates lives in the minds of literate people nearly 24 centuries after his death. The memory of Lisagor will pass with the passing of those who knew him. Socrates had enemies—"gentlemen of Athens," he called them when they condemned him to death in 399 B.C. Lisagor had no known enemies. Socrates lived and died in poverty and boasted that he never took a drachma for the heckling and lecturing and instruction of other people that made enemies and made many others think him a pest. Lisagor boasted, if that be the word for his gentle and deprecating accounts of himself, that he never wrote or lectured or spoke on radio and appeared on television, as he often did, unless he was well paid. But Socrates and Lisagor were, in Socrates' words, "cross-examiners" and "gadflies." Socrates said that he and his imitators "find plenty of people who believe they know something, when they know little or nothing. So in consequence those who are cross-examined are angry with me instead of themselves. . .For they would not like, I think, to say the truth, that they are shown up as pretending to know when they know nothing." In another passage of his plea for life (his "Apology") as Plato recalled it and the British scholar, W.H.D. Rouse, translated it, Socrates described his role as Peter Lisagor might have described his: ". . .the state is like a big thoroughbred horse, so big that he is a bit slow and heavy, and wants a gadfly to wake him up. I think the god put me on the state something like that, to wake you up and persuade you and reproach you, every one, as I keep settling on you all day long." Lisagor angered people, too, but they seldom stayed angry.

After a jury of 501 Athenians—we'd call it a mob—condemned Socrates to put himself to death with a dose of hemlock, he spoke of death as one could imagine Peter Lisagor speaking of it. "Death," Socrates said, "is one of two things: either the dead man is nothing and has no consciousness of anything at all, or it is, as people say, a change and a migration for the soul from this place here to another place." Socrates said that eternity in that other place could be good for several reasons, "best of all, to go on cross-examining the people there, as I did those here, and investigating which of them is wise, and which thinks he is but is not!" Any friend of Peter Lisagor must say with Phaidon (or Phaedo), one of several friends of Socrates who were with him in his prison cell when he—"quite easy and contented"—drank the commanded cup of hemlock: "I burst into a flood of tears and cried myself out; not for him indeed, but for my own misfortune in losing such a man and such a comrade."

J. O.

Class of '66

Ten Years Out

Cambridge, Massachusetts

Stephen James Butler '66, now an estate planner, is "building a 40-foot ferro-cement sloop in my back yard." Richard Frederick Berdik '66, now the treasurer of Dietrich Industries, Inc., has "the recurring fantasy of selling all and sailing off to the Grenadines, Tahiti and Borneo."

For Robert Allan Spinner, also Harvard '66 and an advertising executive, satisfaction comes chiefly from "juggling. I have mastered a number of three-ball and four-ball techniques, and am available for weddings, bar mitzvahs, confirmations, etc." Robert Jerome Andelman '66 lists his occupation as resident in anesthesia, and adds: "I am quite happy with this decision."

John William Roper, Jr., an attorney and administrator, describes the "most significant event" of his 10 years since he left Harvard as "my initial meeting with Chogyam Runga Rinpoche, a Tibetan scholar and meditation master." Lyman Hathaway Clark, a management consultant and another 1966 Harvard alumnus, finds meaning in "the science of creative intelligence as taught by the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. The logos, the good, the one of the Greek philosophers," he writes in the Harvard College Class of 1966 tenth anniversary report, "exists." Peter Baldwin Schwab, also '66 and active as an undergraduate in the Young Americans for Freedom, hanged himself on Staten Island in 1971.

Kennedy's children. The best and the brightest. The future leaders of the free world. Their undergraduate expectations, tinged with unrequited hopes of Camelot, have become, across a decade of war and political scandal and cultural disequilibrium, the clichés of a vanished age. They were when they started out, by the standards of birth and education and the IQ tables, according to the letters of recommendation and their college entrance scores, one of the most remarkable, imaginative, self-sufficient and well-rounded groups of young men in history.

They themselves, indeed, would have been among the last to affect a demeanor of false modesty, and deny that assumption. Fourteen years ago this autumn, as they unpacked their J. Press sports coats and their pocketless Brooks Brothers oxford cloth button-down shirts, and their penny loafers, as they decorated their freshman dormitories in the yard with cardboard reproductions of Klee and Utrillo, as they purchased black furl umbrellas for the New England rain and Raleigh bicycles for trips to the Radcliffe quad, as they enrolled in intensive Russian, introductory nuclear

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physics and the coveted new social relations courses, they seemed—to a nation at the peak of its self-confidence but above all they seemed to themselves—children of destiny, on the way to conquering a new frontier.

Home town newspapers ran column-long articles reporting their transformation from high school student body presidents into Harvard Men. Pretty, bright girls at Wellesley and Bryn Mawr and Vassar competed for their invitations to the Yale game. Henry Kissinger and Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Samuel Huntington waited to give them tuition in the management of the American century.

A year earlier, as they had sent off for the application forms, they had not merely thrilled to President Kennedy's inaugural address. They had considered it, like the letters of acceptance that followed, the external vindication of their own inner logic. As it had been for him, so inevitably, it would be for them.

Ahead, life spiralled upward like a staircase—an elegant, curving, richly carpeted staircase, not a ladder, not a slippery pole—toward the complete fulfillment of every inner ambitions, even the White House itself.

Harvard was not just the first step. It was proof of that inner sense of predestination they had felt in Haverford and Palo Alto and Needham and Chevy Chase, and all the other pleasant places from which they had sprung, and to which they felt quite superior.

Langdon Gates Burwell '66 stepped on a land mine, less than two years after graduation, near Danang, during the Tet offensive. Condit Brewer Van Arsdall, III drowned in the Pacific ocean in 1974. His son, Condit Brewer Van Arsdall, IV, perished with him. John Mitchell Burchfield reports that today he is "Plodding along as a minor civil servant" in Pittsburgh. "These are the plodding years," agrees William Gentry Lee.

Charles John Hawkins, III is brand manager of Camay, the soap for a beautiful complexion. Robert Leirer Justice, an attorney, continues in his spare time his studies of the life of James Dean. Robert Evan Strom, famous, even before he became a Harvard man, as the little kid with big glasses on the $64,000 question, lives quietly in Madison, Connecticut. As for James Hillard Cole, he copes with the "revolution of falling expectations" by studying ancient Chinese social history. John Emlen Taussig "has become acclimated to southern California. Scientology continues to be an important part of my life."

The problem of unrequited expectations seems a general one for the Harvard class of 1966, and William Edgar, III, referring to all "the upheavals of the sixties" and other unforeseen "events leading from graduation till now," urges his classmates to "trust in the Lord with all your heart/and do not rely on your insight/ in all ways acknowledge Him/and He will make straight your paths."

This, the Harvard class of 1966, 10 years out, seems unwilling, perhaps unable, to do. Their trust in themselves remains a God they cannot quite believe has failed. They may no longer rely on their own insights. But they record them with compassion, and communicate them to each other with care. There seems still to live on beyond the well-delineated boundaries of a hundred suburbs with wide lawns and good school systems, not yet drowned out by the rattle of a thousand commuter trains that always run a few minutes late, the sound of a different drummer, the belief that everything so far has been a repairable mistake, that their ways some day will be acknowledged, their paths to the Harvard promise once again made straight as a super highway.

"I'm a little too nervous, a little too tired and a little less happy than I think I deserve to be," William Timothy Baetz, an attorney in Chicago, believes. But like many of his classmates, he remains convinced that destiny in time will give him his due: "The next five years will be spent pushing the pendulum back the other way." Peter Canon Aldrich, now 31, writes he is still "wondering what he should be when he grows up." In the meantime he has settled for being president of the Boston Real Estate Council, Inc.

"Lord knows," adds Laurence Osborne McKinney, who describes himself as the president of a small marketing firm, "I tried to do what I ought to." David Leon McNichol, a senior staff member of the Council of Economic Advisors, finds himself, two years out of his 20s, "tired, very tired." But he takes satisfaction from his two cats and his six-foot avocado tree. "Much of the last five years," according to Paul Cecil Mohl, a psychiatrist with a 40-acre farm in North Carolina, who recently was appointed an assistant professor in Texas, "has been spent undoing a sense of specialness I acquired at Harvard."

The last 10 years have not been easy for others either. Francis Joseph O'Tolle, a member of Sargent Shriver's law firm in Washington, writes he is "trying to improve my tennis but making little headway, still hoping to write a play someday, and sadly, doing none of the things to change the world that, at Harvard, I thought I would be doing 10 years later."

"The '60s seemed to hold such promise and hope," remembers Martin Renwick Severance, now an insurance broker in Brookline. "Needless to say, the intervening years have not fulfilled our dreams but rather, they have fallen far short of the mark."

Needless or not, Ernest Bassay Attah, also '66, like so many other of his classmates, has not only said it, but said it blank verse:

> The sage who painted the canvas on my wall
> is obscure, unknown to the consuming public of art
> But i know that he knows the delicate point of
> balance

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between hope and the sad imperfection of all our anguish.

They have been, these 1150 men with Harvard degrees now entering the first rolling foothills of middle age, poised on that delicate balance for a very long time, since they were teenagers in fact. And after 10 years of wear and tear and war and Watergate, what seems most extraordinary about them is not the imperfection of their anguish, which was discernible years ago, but the persistence of those hopes they unpacked in their freshman dorms back in the autumn of '62.

In truth, things began to go wrong for the members of the class of 1966 before they completed their first semester, and ever since they have seemed nonetheless to beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past. In the beginning of their freshman year, the midnight disputes over the significance of Kierkegaard, the bedtime recitations of Rimbaud, the debates on Keynesian economics, the gin-drinking contests and the four-day bridge tournaments all ceased as they shut off the Vivaldi on their stereos, and turned on their transistor radios, to hear if the world would come to an end before Thanksgiving.

Armageddon did not follow the Cuban missile crisis, but another kind of holocaust did. A year later, shortly after they moved into Eliot and Lowell and Dunster and all the other houses, everyone did nothing for three days except watch the television reports from Dallas.

The magic bullet had killed the first of their certainties about themselves, and 1965 and 1966—following the flurry, in 1964, of campaigning for Lyndon Johnson because he was the peace candidate—were the years of the growing realization that you could get killed in Vietnam.

There followed the quest for the perpetual draft deferment. It made law students out of aspiring poets, and doctors of philosophy out of undergraduate playwrights. It filled the villages of India and Peru and Nigeria with *cum laudes* in general studies, arrived as Peace Corps volunteers to teach the peasants how to grow rice. Ahead lay drugs, communes, drop-outs, riots, alienation, Cambodia; the documents left behind, in the Pentagon papers, by other Harvard men who also had imagined that they, not the meek, would inherit the earth.

Perhaps the class of 1966 never fully recovered from the sophomore slump that began with the assassination. Maybe they found the following years so traumatic not just because they discredited an order, but because it was an order of which they had imagined themselves the heirs.

Whatever the exact nature of the burden, it has not been borne lightly.

"Ours has been a double burden," complains one alumnus, "the natural disillusionment of maturing with which every generation copes, and the secular national disillusionment with our institutions and our society."

Alfred C. Butterfield limits himself to observing that he is still watching, "with what detachment I can muster, as human greed and wastefulness ravage this world." Noel Willis Solomans, now an assistant professor of medicine, laments that the human condition they discovered after graduation exceeded even the capacities of an entire Harvard class to remedy it: "We found that the injustices were so woven into the fabric of our society that no amount of initiatives could effect a change."

Christopher Mitchell, now an assistant professor of politics, agrees that "the '70s have hardly been what we'd bargained for."

The present may not be what the class of 1966 bargained for, but curiously enough—it is exactly what a sociologist could have predicted. Ten years after President Pusey officially pronounced them members of the ranks of educated men, their personal memoirs speak of lives disrupted by war and political upheaval, of spirits that have rejected the old values. The Harvard 10th anniversary report bespeaks a yearning for new freedoms, a contempt for the traditional rewards—and for the old sanctions too. In their essays to each other about themselves, these Harvard men of 1977 laud the wilds of Alaska and the backwoods of Maine. They speak of backpacking through high mountains, and sailing on small boats across vast tropical seas. They praise the wisdom of the Orient and the manners of Europe and the purity of the Rocky Mountain air. They lament the lethargy of the old Northeast, the sophistry of the Establishment, the shallowness of the conventional wisdoms, the superficialities of the accepted symbols of status, the fatuity of turning life into a career.

But the social statistics of the class of 1966 tell a very different story.

It is the tale of a group that was overwhelmingly white and upper middle class and status-oriented, and which remains so today. Reading not their innermost thoughts, but their home and office addresses, the most striking thing is not the effect of the upheavals of the last decade on the Harvard class of 1966, but that those upheavals have had almost no real effect at all.

It is almost as though the class of 1966 had graduated in 1955, as though the assassinations and invasions and investigations and rise of the counter-cultures had never occurred at all. It is as though, truth to tell, the only real difference between them then and now is not that society has failed their expectations, but that they all are 31 or 32 today, not 21 or 17 as they once were.

In a supposed age of alienation and rejection, the most surprising statistic to emerge from the Harvard report is simply how many bothered to contribute to it at all. In the end nearly 750 of the 1150 members of the class of 1966 took the trouble to open the letter from

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the alumni committee, read it—and then compose often lengthy replies. And the class of 1966 did not just send back confessions about themselves. They enclosed checks. Their contributions made up one of the largest 10th anniversary class donations in Harvard's history. Among a generation supposedly distrusting large institutions, only one member of the class explicitly refused to contribute—and announced instead that he was sending the money to the Vietnamese reconstruction fund.

Vietnam was another surprise to emerge from the reports. The Indochina war is supposed to have turned the class of 1966 into something of a lost generation. Yet only a few respondents mention the war as a personal experience—rather than an abstract political issue. Only one Harvard man devoted most of his report to it. The reason is clear. The Vietnam war, in a direct, physical sense, hardly touched the Harvard class of 1966 at all.

Eighteen members of the class are now dead. But of those, exactly three were killed in Vietnam, all during the Tet offensive, one of the few phases of the conflict when non-combatant Americans were in danger. Many a medium-sized high school graduating class—and almost all predominately black, ethnic or working class high school graduates—lost a far greater proportion of their numbers in the war than Harvard did. Between 1966 and 1975, indeed, a member of the class of 1966 was more likely to kill himself than be killed in Indochina. The vast majority of the Harvard men of the Vietnam war era never served in the armed forces at all.

All those draft deferments seemed to have reinforced and not broken another pattern of elitism and privilege. A *leitmotif* of dissatisfaction with the normal calibrations of success runs through the entire report. But that has not stopped the sons of Harvard from accumulating them.

Of the 800 or so members of the class whose post-graduate careers can be discerned from their reports or addresses, a truly amazing proportion have opted for the traditional professions—and avoided the arts, craft labor, and the risks of career independence. Among those 800, there is one conductor of a symphony orchestra, and one professional cellist. There are 141 physicians. There also is one professional football player, one tennis pro and one mechanic. But there are 186 lawyers. There are three rabbis, one Catholic priest, a handful of Protestant ministers, a few journalists, one goldsmith, and one builder and restorer of harpsichords and pianofortes. No less than 241 members of the class, however, have gone on to earn PhDs or otherwise involve themselves in careers in education. Another 148 own or are employed by incorporated businesses. Investment banking, insurance, real estate and public relations seem the careers that are most trusted, along with management consultancy.

The tumult of the last decade, in fact, seems to have affected the career plans of the Harvard class of 1966 in only one obvious way. In an age when government has been widely discredited, only about 35 of the 1150 now are working in the federal or state bureaucracies. Many favor environmental protection and similar fields. Two admit to being FBI agents. But not a single member reports joining the State Department and no one lists the CIA as his employer either.

Where they choose to live is as instructive of what has become of the Harvard class of 1966 as what they do for a living. Addresses are available for almost all of them. And as a group the Harvard men show themselves, for all their discontent with America, reluctant to leave it. Within the United States itself they have been less mobile, in a time of population shift to the sunbelt, and more conservative where they choose to live than the nation as a whole.

Only 83 live abroad—the vast majority of them in Canada (where none of them seem to be draft resisters) and in three foreign cities: London, Oxford and Paris. Within the United States the concentration is even more striking. Much more than half the class—650 of them—live in the Amtrak corridor stretching from the Virginia suburbs of Washington to northern New England.

Nearly 160 live in California. But this compares to the 206 who live or work in metropolitan New York City, and the 279 who are still in Massachusetts. More members of the class of 1966 still live in Cambridge itself, indeed, than in Los Angeles, Miami, Atlanta, Dallas, St. Louis, Detroit, Minneapolis, Denver, New Orleans, Cleveland and Seattle combined.

As befits such a socially homogenous, professionally elite, geographically concentrated group, the 1966 sons of Harvard share other broad interests besides coping with their subliminal *angst*. Many report they sing in choral groups; a surprising number dwell on the joys of gardening. The difficulty of giving up smoking, along with constant references to racquet sports and sailing punctuate the concern with the fact, as the class president, Barry Williams, puts it, that "my body is over 30 like the rest of you." Most are married. Fewer than might be expected are divorced. All take pleasure in their children, and only one of the 1150, for all the protestations of inner turmoil, avowed that he was homosexual. Most, in spite of their objections to careerism, take great pride in their work.

The one in 10 or so who has found Jesus, Buddha, TM or the Maharishi is less surprising than the fact almost none mention socialism, and that not a single one of these radicalized youths of the '60s calls himself a Marxist.

If few have perished, many, very many, have published. Jonathan Dwight Culler has produced *Flaubert: The Uses of Uncertainty*. Barry Martin Simon is the author of *Quantum Mechanics for Hamiltonians Defined by Quadratic Forms*, while Peter Laurence Skolnick has

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given us *The Definitive Book on the Art of Jumping Rope* (Jump Rope/Workman, 1974). Keith Wayne Sadlacek is the author of *How to Kill Stress Before it Kills You*, and another classmate has rescued Providence from oblivion with *Rhode Island: Forgotten Leader of the Revolutionary Era*. William Cornelius Jordan has contributed a chapter to *The Textbook of Black-Related Diseases*.

If the class bibliography comes as no surprise, who but a real estate speculator could have foreseen in those long ago days of commune living the mania for restoring old houses?

Thomas Joel Humphries is restoring "the oldest townhouse in the Society Hill section" of Philadelphia. Henry Jerd Whelchel is "renovating an old townhouse in Coral Gables." Samuel Odin Tilton is busy "painting, plastering and cleaning our 90-year old Victorian house in the 12th ward of Rochester," while Stephen Richard Walters "has been fixing up my 1890 'Queen Anne' Victorian apartment building in San Francisco."

William Callender Hurt, Jr. and his wife "spend much of our time working on the restoration of our old colonial home in Little Silver, New Jersey." John Fitzhugh Millar lives in "a restored 1704 house in Newport." Peter Arnold Fine has bought an "old bow-front brick townhouse in the south end of Boston," and Grant Tedrick Hamond "recently spent about nine months restoring an old house" in Hickory, North Carolina. Robert Francis Rugo is "keeping an eye out for a perfect Victorian mansion to become available," but Malcolm Duncan Cambell has them all beat. He is living in a tent up in New Brunswick while building a series of log houses, "an exact recreation of a Loyalist community of the 1840-1870 vintage."

When not winning higher degrees, commuting to the office, building sailboats in their back yards, and painting, plastering and publishing, the Harvard class of 1966 seems to spend its time meditating on the failure of fate to correspond to their expectations of it, and on lamentations over what might have been.

"The thing I miss most about Harvard," writes Joseph Edwin Fortenberry, and attorney with a large firm in New York, "is the 1960s. The great misfortune is that the 'Glorious Revolution' of youth failed to produce the Renaissance it might have. We have suffered, we are now suffering, we shall suffer, from the consequences of that failure," he adds, in a report from his office in Rockefeller Plaza.

"I feel nostalgic for the innocent hope we all shared that we should be as successful in real life as we had been in high school," adds Charles Edward Cerf, who describes himself as the president of a "corporation grossing almost two million dollars."

Wars come, lifestyles go. The world, as it was 14 years ago in Harvard Square, is still their oyster. But they remain unable to stifle their anguish that it contains so few pearls.

T. D. Allman

Mr. Allman, Harvard '66, lives in New York, has a PhD, has co-authored a book, served in the Peace Corps, avoided the draft, plays squash when he can, and is looking for a brownstone to renovate. A nagging sense of indefinable unfulfillment pervades his life.

Agnelli's Russian Connection

Col. Qaddafi, Italian Capitalist

by Michael Ledeen

It has been a big year for Colonel Moamar al-Qaddafi. His friend and client Dom Mintoff was reelected in Malta, his "Green Book" is on the stands in Paris, a public debate between the colonel and some journalists and intellectuals in Paris was published in Italy and now he has become the second largest individual stockholder in Fiat. With a bit of luck, and some more of the active cooperation he has found of late among Italian businessmen and political leaders, he could just manage to reverse the colonial relationship that existed between Rome and Tripoli and dramatically alter Italy's place in the international order.

By now, the entire world has heard of the fantastic triangular relation among Italy, Libya and the Soviet Union that has made Qaddafi a 10 percent shareholder in Fiat. (He has options that would raise his participation to 13 percent in the next few years automatically, and free entry to the Italian stock market. Indeed, there are those in Italy who believe that his real holdings approach 20 percent already.) An official in Confin-

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dustria, the Italian version of our National Association of Manufacturers, reports that Russian sources say Libya already has just about majority control of the company. The common analysis is that Fiat's director, Giovanni Agnelli, eager to do as much business outside Italy as possible (who can blame him?), proposed a continuation of the joint efforts with the Soviet Union that produced Togliattigrad, the Italian-built industrial complex annually producing over 600,000 automobiles—the "Jigoulis." Both Agnelli and the Russians would like to see the figure go to a million, but neither had the cash available to finance the operation. Russia does not do business with the West except on a cash-and-carry basis: the West puts up the cash, and the Russians carry it until production begins. The loan is paid back out of the profits. Neither Fiat nor the impoverished Italian government could raise the necessary funds. This, according to the conventional wisdom, brought Libya into the picture. Qaddafi, it is said, owed a favor to Brezhnev for the $800 million arms deal recently concluded between the two countries; and in return for promises of continued military aid, and support for Libya's Middle Eastern policy of unrelenting hostility to the existence of Israel, Qaddafi bought a new issue of Fiat shares at three to four times their market value, bought convertible bonds to the tune of over $100 million and floated a loan for an additional $104 million. Now everyone is smiling: Qaddafi, because he has become a partner in one of Europe's biggest multinationals; Agnelli, because he has made an excellent deal without having to pour more of his own money into the Italian drain; and Brezhnev, because he can now do more business with Western money, and export Russian automobiles back to his capitalist friends. Another ominous consequence of the deal has been virtually ignored in the West: the Libyan news agency, Arna, reported last week that the Soviets are now ready to sell Qaddafi nuclear reactors.

This picture unfortunately leaves a great deal of the affair obscured. For the matter is far more complex and grave for those who continue to worry about Italy's future, and of the NATO alliance to which she belongs. The first point to be made is that the Fiat-Qaddafi deal is very different from those recently concluded between Krupp and the Shah, and Mercedes and the Kuwaitis. In the German cases, the foreign investors put money into the companies, without acquiring substantial voting leverage on the board. In Turin, the Libyan government sits with two members on the board of 15, and has one seat on the five-member Consiglio di Amministrazione, which, in effect, runs the business. The Libyans have made no bones about their intention to play an active role in Fiat's policy-making. "We are not going to sit back and collect dividends," Abdullah Ahmed Saudi, president of the Libyan Arab Foreign Bank told an Italian reporter in his sumptuous offices in Rome's Piazza Venezia where, a generation ago, Mussolini proclaimed the Fascist empire.

One of the items on the Libyans' agenda is a review of the status of *La Stampa*, the Turin daily edited by Arigo Levi who nearly three years ago had to be supplied with a police guard around the clock after being threatened by Colonel Qaddafi for publishing a satiric piece on Libya. The Libyan bankers have said that *La Stampa* will be treated as a purely "business" question: if it makes money, that is fine, but if it runs in the red, it will have to be examined. This is hardly encouraging to *La Stampa*'s staff (especially because Levi is Jewish and strongly pro-Israel), since the paper runs up an enormous debt year after year, like every other Italian newspaper. Italian papers this week carried a notice suggesting that Agnelli was negotiating with the Rizzoli publishing house for the sale of *La Stampa* and its evening twin, *Stampa Sera*. The story is doubly significant, for Rizzoli is on the verge of achieving a near-monopoly of the Italian press, and he has done so, according to reliable information, thanks to Libyan money. It is probably no coincidence that Rizzoli is financing the installation of powerful television transmitters on Malta, designed to broadcast throughout Italy, or that Rizzoli recently bought out Agnelli's interest in the prestigious *Corriere Della Sera* in Milan, which for the past two years has been increasingly pro-Arab and hostile to the Israeli cause.

The Fiat caper is only one in a long series of attempts by Qaddafi to influence centers of Italian industry, the media and governmental officials. He is said to have financed the Sardinian Separatist Movement and the Sicilian *Nuovo Partito Popolare*, neither of which has made much of a mark on Italian politics. He purchased the Sicilian island of Pantelleria for over $60 million as a potential tourist development, but it has remained a mass of rocks and lava. The colonel has been more successful in the congenial areas of terrorism and arms purchases. For many years Italian security officials bragged privately about the close working relationship they had with the Libyans, which was said to guarantee that Italian passenger planes would remain immune from terrorist attacks. This comforting illusion was shattered on December 17, 1973, when five Arab terrorists arrived at Rome's Fiumicino airport from Spain (having purchased their tickets in Tripoli), bombed a Pan Am jet, hijacked a Lufthansa plane, captured six guards and shot down a passenger on the runway. Nonetheless, Arab terrorists captured in Italy continue to get favored treatment. One group was even flown to Libya on a specially chartered Alitalia plane a couple of years ago, and last fall three more who had been arrested at Fiumicino for possession of arms, ammunition and a bomb were pardoned by the president of the republic and released after serving one month of a seven-year sentence.

This pattern of freeing terrorists goes hand-in-hand with the considerable volume of arms traffic from Italy

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to Libya, a traffic that was initiated by the Italian government in an attempt to improve relations with a government that had expelled all Italian citizens a few years ago. Italy provided the Libyan Army with M-47 tanks, several hundred helicopters and substantial quantities of ammunition. An additional shipment of torpedoes and cannons remains to be made. Many have observed that Fiat, in addition to automobiles, also manufactures weapons.

In return, Qaddafi appears to have financed a wide variety of groups within Italy. Reliable sources within the Italian Ministry of the Interior say that Libyan money was behind the small Lotta del Popolo group in Rome, which was defined as a Nazi-Maoist movement by its followers. Moreover, the same sources indicate Libyan support for right-wing terrorist groups like *Ordine Nero* and *Ordine Nuovo*, both of whom support the Palestinian rhetoric at the same time they name their cells after Adolph Hitler, Drieu la Rochelle and so forth. Finally, there is the curious notice, printed nearly a year ago in the London *Daily Telegraph*, according to which Qaddafi made a contribution of some $80 million to the Italian Communist party. This was done, according to the *Telegraph*'s David Floyd, "as a special gesture to Mr. Alexei Kosygin. . .to help the Italian Communists to increase their electoral support. . .they would then be in a position to press for the withdrawal of the US Navy from its base in Naples, which is a top Russian priority."

Thus, Giovanni Agnelli—long considered a member of the elite of the Western business community, a close friend of the Kennedy family and a solid advocate of the integration of Europe—has a new partner. Why has such a person brought Colonel Moamar Qaddafi into his business? Part of the answer is undoubtedly a purely business consideration: no one else was likely to pay such an incredible figure for shares of a company that is not making money in Italy, and is faced with very bleak prospects in the next few years. The Italian crisis is reaching alarming proportions these days, and as yet neither major political party has shown any signs of being able to propose an acceptable strategy for calming the runaway inflation (currently around 20 percent), unemployment and trade deficits currently lacerating the national economy. But there is also a political motive in Agnelli's actions, one he surprisingly spelled out to a national television audience a week ago. "If I had sold these shares to an American or German company," Agnelli said in answer to a journalist's question, "the piazzas of Italy would be full of angry demonstrators. But since I sold to Qaddafi, the situation is relatively calm." He was entirely correct. Neither the ruling Christian Democrats nor their partners in the current government of "no confidence," the Communists, have raised any serious objections to the transaction. This is particularly surprising for the Communists, who have always posed as the great paladins of Italian economic independence, and who have listed the presence of foreign (especially American) multinational corporations as one of the great risks to Italian sovereignty. In the present case, the party newspapers have sagely noted that the Communist party is not opposed to foreign investment, and party foreign policy official Sergio Segre told a Western diplomat in private that he felt the deal was a good one.

As for the Christian Democrats, one can only speculate about the content of the conversations between Premier Giulio Andreotti and members of the present and incoming administrations in Washington earlier this month. Andreotti knew of the Agnelli-Libya deal. Did he mention it to Messrs. Ford, Kissinger, Simon, Vance and Mondale? If so, it would provide another motive for the current Western reluctance to bail out the Italian economy without strong guarantees from the Andreotti government for a tough anti-inflationary program.

The third motive for Agnelli's sale of Fiat stock to Qaddafi is the one cited by most observers: it is not easy to get foreigners to invest in Italy these days. Representatives of Saudi Arabian banks in Italy, for example, said that they did not consider investment in Italian industry to be sound these days, and were amazed at the price paid for the Fiat shares.

For the most part, foreign capital to say nothing of domestic capital, is fleeing the country, not searching for new avenues for speculation. Under the circumstances, while it is unthinkable that Agnelli could not have found Western sources for money if he had really wanted it, he could never have found so much money under such favorable conditions. Agnelli, like many others, is trying to free his money from Italian entanglements. Getting his cash out of Italy is also Agnelli's way of keeping it away from the Communists. He started his Fiat negotiations with Qaddafi through the Libyan chargé in Rome in August 1975, a few weeks after the Italian Communists scored great gains in regional elections. He has sold his interests in Aeritalia, and is trying to get out of his participation in Grandi Motori of Trieste. Business, we must remember, is just that.

At the same time that Agnelli was closing the Qaddafi deal, Libyan Prime Minister Abdusallam Jalloud was in Madrid, negotiating, it is said, for participation in SEAT, Fiat's Spanish counterpart. There the political implications of participation were immediately clearer than they were in Italy, because Jaloud's presence in the Spanish capital coincided with the meeting of the World Jewish Congress. The WJC had had a long-standing promise of a meeting with King Juan Carlos, an encounter that would have been rightly viewed as a symbolic end to the expulsion of the Jews. Instead, the meeting was cancelled. People who go into partnership with Libya are not likely to be allowed civilized gestures toward Jews. You can ask Carlo De Benedetti about this. De Benedetti is the

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wealthy Jew from Turin who left his post as general manager of Fiat last summer. He recently told a close friend that his departure was linked to the Libya affair.

The most important aspect of the Fiat-Libya transaction is its international implications. Italian labor costs have reached such a high level that it is becoming increasingly difficult for the country's industries to remain competitive in the West. This problem is intensified by the difficulty of meeting schedules (tourists coming here this Christmas will again find massive train strikes and postal delays) and providing services when required. As a result, Italy for the past several years has been slowly shifting her trade pattern toward the Third World, where technology of a lower level is required, where trade is often done more on the basis of political sympathy and traditional relations than on that of dollars and cents, and where delivery delays are, if anything, an advantage: Third World ports, especially in OPEC countries, are so clogged with boats these days that many shipments have been intentionally postponed.

In this part of the world the greatest asset is friendly relations with the Soviet Union and Russian support for the programs in question. When Agnelli flew to Moscow in his private plane from Paris on the evening of December 8 for what was evidently supposed to be a secret meeting with Qaddafi, he was well aware of the importance of the Russian imprimatur. Although he subsequently claimed that he had met the Libyan leader in the Kremlin merely because Qaddafi happened to be there, and because he himself felt "at home" in Moscow (Fiat's Russian ties go back to before the end of the Second World War), the "explanation" has not convinced anyone. Even the *Corriere Della Sera* noted that the Moscow meeting raised serious questions about "the Libyan Landing in Turin," and the left-wing daily *Republica* put the matter in its proper context:

> *What is the position of the Soviet Union in the Mediterranean? Militarily, very strong. Politically, very weak. The only country whose international activity is likely to coincide with the Soviets' is Libya. . .Libya cannot be hoping for a united Europe. . .it is aiming, instead, for dislocating one or more European countries from Europe to the Mediterranean. . .Italy has the weakest economy in Western Europe, and is well suited for an organic tie with the producers of raw materials. Italy is also the country with the strongest Communist party in Europe, which the Soviets have not stopped pressuring, even if it is not certain that they will succeed.*

The same day he saw Qaddafi, Agnelli apparently also met for lunch with a partner in the Lazard Frères investment house which has a seat on the Fiat board; one of Lazard's American lawyers, Sargent Shriver; and Alexei Kosygin's son-in-law, deputy chairman of the Soviet State Committee of Science and Technology Djerman Gvishiani, who manages to be both a KGB agent and a founding member of the Club of Rome. *The Wall Street Journal* of December 14 reports that a Lazard spokesman denied that the meeting took place, as first reported in *Corriere* and other Italian papers on December 10. But on December 15, a Fiat press representative confirmed the fact of the meeting, the participants and the date.

Whatever the interests of Western bankers, it is an ideal marriage of convenience when the Soviet Union and Libya combine to attempt to separate Italy from the West. The operation is, in fact, a logical corollary of the program of the Italian Communists and their allies, who have long advocated greater independence from the American and German "imperialists," and closer ties with "progressive" forces in Africa, such as Algeria, Guinea, Guinea-Bissau and the "new" Angola. But this process has only just begun. We shall hear a lot more of it in the days to come, when Italian Minister for Foreign Trade Ossola goes first to Moscow, and then to Tripoli. We shall hear still more in January, when Foreign Minister Forlani goes to Moscow. The Russians have already used up a $900 million loan from Italy, and want still more. Will the Italian government, already reeling under its own burden of more than $20 billion in foreign debt, make new concessions to the Russians? More to the point for the new American administration, will the loans which Andreotti requested so urgently in Washington recently be used for such purposes?

From Tripoli, in the meantime, the sirens are squealing. Libya needs skilled manpower, and it is looking for Italians to move from Sicily to Tripoli. The president of the Libya-Sicily Friendship Association put it this way: "Emigration is a painful fact for our country, but if it is necessary, it is better that it flow toward the Arab countries which are close to us and which welcome us, rather than toward Germany or Australia, where working conditions are more difficult." Moreover, the siren speaks in dulcet tones, offering a rosy future to the country whose citizens were driven from Libya in the summer of 1970 as "the Italian cancer." Today Italians are hoping that Libyan investments will pour into the peninsula, and that this will help save the national economy from disaster. Would Qaddafi pour so much money into Italy, they argue, if he were of the opinion the country was about to fail?

Two final observations are in order. First, that Colonel Qaddafi has never concealed his contempt for the decadent parlimentary systems of the West, or his hope that they will collapse into total ruin. The greater the leverage he obtains over this feeble economic reed, the greater his chances for precipitating an Italian, and then a more general Western crisis. Second, he has never contented himself with pure business deals. In Malta, where he has actively financed the ebullient and mercurial Dom Mintoff, Arabic in now compulsory in the public schools. Salām, Mr. Agnelli.

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How the Glad Tidings Were Transmitted By our Elders and Betters

by Henry Fairlie and Timothy Dickinson

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL, **December 28**

May Need Time

Birth of God Taken Seriously in Helena, Mont.

HEW, HUD, Foresee Growth
In Downtown Stables
Presence of Shepherds Welcomed

But Why Wise Men?

From the wire

LONDON (Reuters)—Her Majesty the Queen has sent the following message to Joseph: "My husband and I wish to extend through you our warmest congratulations to your wife on the birth of a new king in what must have been difficult circumstances for you both. We wish him a long and prosperous reign."

THE HOUSTON POST, **December 29**

JERUSALEM, Dec. 27 (UPI)—Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, accompanied by pianist Peter Duchin, visited the Bethlehem Stable this morning at 10:35, and stayed for 20 minutes. When she left, Mrs. Onassis, who was wearing a chlamys and blue jeans, said: "I thought the child looked divine." Mrs. Onassis, who has been in Galilee to open an exhibition of classical graffiti, is staying with the Tetrarch Antiopas. She leaves tomorrow for Capri, where she will be joined by her sister, Lee Radziwill, and will open an exhibition of Dorian graffiti. Mrs. Onassis will return to Rome early in February where, at the invitation of the Emperor and God Augustus, she will open an exhibition of Lydian graffiti. Mr. Duchin said he had no comment on what he had seen.

Joseph Kraft

COMPETENCE OF TWELVE IN DOUBT

PAPEETE, SAMOA—In the opinion of most of those who are attending the crucial meetings of the Trilateral Commission here, too much attention is being given to the marginal aspects of the new developments in the Middle East. The carols that have so far been examined here concentrate for the most part on the fact that the messiah is a child, and that its mother is claimed by his supporters to be a woman. But it is not they who will formulate the economic policy for the region.

For starters, the alleged father appears to be only a village carpenter, in a part of the world where timber is scarce, as a Japanese economist here pointed out, and from which few wood products are exported. A regency therefore offers little hope.

The only hope for a competent administration lies in the quality of the advisers whom the new king will eventually appoint. One of his advance men, John the Baptist, has said that he will bring in "new faces and fresh ideas," but what we need is old faces and stale ideas.

The rumors that the child king will choose, among his 12 top appointments, a local tax collector, two fishermen and perhaps more, a publican and even a sinner, are not regarded as encouraging here. Of all the new names that have so far been scouted, only one inspires any confidence: that of the financially experienced Judas Iscariot. As a Swedish member of the Trilateral Commission, who has made a good impression at this week's meetings, put it to me: "I would trust Iscariot with my last 30 dollars."

From the wire

ROME (UPI)—A spokesman at the Vatican said that His Holiness would be unlikely to have any comment until after it was known what would happen at Easter. But meanwhile the Pope reminded Catholics throughout the world that the doctrines of the Church cannot be modified to meet any event, however singular it may at first seem.

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Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

TEAMSTERS GIVE CROSS FOR CHILD

The attention that is being paid to the gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh, said to have been presented to the unauthorized Jewish messiah who has recently been born in what is undisputed Arab territory by three kings who hope thereby to confer some legitimacy on his claims, has obscured the greater significance for the future of another contribution that has been secretly offered.

At a meeting behind closed doors at the Holiday Inn at Ctesipon, which had been arranged by John Connally, the praetor of the "Pharisees for Herod" committee, a representative of Local 587 of the Teamsters at Golgotha said that his union was willing to offer a cross for the child if it was thought to be desirable. Connally pointed out that a wooden cross would be publicly regarded as a suitable educational gift for a carpenter's son.

There is growing suspicion in some quarters in Rome that this agreement may be partly explained by the earlier gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. An aedile who asked not to be quoted said that there is some evidence that the transmission of the kings' gifts through Joseph, whose role in the whole affair has not yet been explained, might be a way of laundering the contributions, so that they might then be secretly passed to John the Baptist.

John is known to be a fanatical desert enemy of both the Pharisees and their allies, the Sadducees, who believe that any attempt on his part, in alliance with the Oriental kings, to proclaim the child the King of the Jews would lead in the end to a popular demand for his crucifixion. The offer of the Teamsters has given the assurance that, when the demand is made, a cross will be available to carry it out.

THE WASHINGTON POST, December 26

Mary to be Questioned by Senate Panel on Identity of Child's Father

Joseph Under Investigation for Tax Fraud

"Wise Men" on Junket With Wives, Secretaries

Shepherds Sell Flocks To Pay for Journey

By Walter Pincus, William Greider, Carl Bernstein, Laurence Stern, Bill McAllister, Bob Woodward, Scott Armstrong and Hobart Rowen

Washington Post Staff Writers

Sally Quinn

THE ODD COUPLE

Joseph had asked me to meet him at the Stable in the middle of the morning. Some cattle were lowing in a corner, and I asked if they were Herefords. "Don't ask me," he said, "they came with the room." And the sheep in the other corner? "Don't ask me that either, they came with the shepherds." He nodded to the door, and out in the sunlight, I looked into his deep blue eyes, the eyes of a carpenter, and put the question he knew I had come to ask.

"And the child?"

"Don't ask me," he answered as he gazed into the well by which we were sitting. "They say that it came from God." He looked up at me, his eyes now as piercing as the gimlets that are the tools of his trade, and said as he searched my face: "Perhaps at least you will understand." I answered that I understood that such things happened in even the best-regulated marriages, not that marriage is up my street, and he sighed: "But not like this, Sally, not like this."

He was still clinging to his dreams.

Jack Anderson and Les Whitten

BETHLEHEM BIRTH ALARMS US STEEL

The birth that took place last week in the shed of a steel mill in Bethlehem, Pa., is being linked by the FBI to the almost simultaneous birth of a Southern Baptist with whom the parents of the new king are closely associated.

The FBI is particularly interested in the activities of a man whom one of its officers calls "the arch-agent

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Gabriel," who predicted both births, and seems to have had the technical capacity then to make them occur—in one case, without the assistance of a father. "Gabe comes from nowhere, and then disappears as he came," said the officer, "and he always leaves behind him a child. The difficulty we have is in finding the wombs."

A document sent by a man using the code-name Luke to a friend called Theophilus has been discovered by the FBI. From this it appears that the mother of the new king is known as Marian, and that her husband is called José. This narrows the search.

From the wire

PLAINS, Ga. (AP)—When informed of the news from Palestine this morning, President-elect Carter asked: "Jesus Who?" But at his Sunday School later, he said that, after the decision which it took a month ago, his church would exclude no one. Before getting into his car after the service he told the waiting crowd: "You can imagine how pleased I am that my message of peace and goodwill has already been adopted so far away."

James Reston

REHABILITATING ANCIENT VIRTUES

Unfortunately there do not seem to be many people left today who can recall the words of Marcus Tullius Cicero, the most far-seeing statesman of the past century, in his Catiline oration: *O tempora! O Mores!* What times we live in! What a civilization! But to a reporter who heard them when they were first uttered in that packed courtroom not so many years ago, and who was walking recently on the wintry slopes of Tuscany, contemplating the news from Palestine, they seemed more urgent than ever, a reminder of the days when Rome was made by men who consulted the gods, but did not bow to them.

Only a month ago we were giving thanks as a nation for our own achievements. Our forefathers called it Thanksgiving because, literally understood, the phrase means giving thanks. But today we seem no longer able to be satisfied. A child has been born to a virgin in one of the provinces, where there have always been many unsavory cults, and we are enthralled, forgetting that our own founders, Romulus and Remus, were nourished by a she-wolf.

Which miracle is greater?—We no longer seem to know. *Sunt lacrimae rerum*: so wrote Virgil, the greatest of our poets, and every schoolboy used to know his lines as well as he could tell the number of home runs hit by Babe Ruth. "There are tears for misfortune," is what Virgil was saying, and our eyes can hardly be dry now, as we await the rehabilitation of the ancient virtues of the republic, with whatever confidence each may be able to find for himself.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, **December 26**

SON OF VIRGIN IN UNEXPECTED MOVE BORN IN BETHLEHEM

REACHED AT JERUSALEM, HEROD EXPRESSES INTEREST

Heavy Snows Reported to Obstruct Homage Traffic

Fresh Initiative Linked by Aides to Hope of World Redemption

Truman Capote,

on a talk show from the Coliseum

I think the whole thing is nasty, and I don't want to talk about it, I really *don't*. I don't see how anyone can want to talk about it. A mother and child, isn't it?—It seems even nastier the more one thinks about it. What is worse, everyone will now expect a Christmas every year. Perhaps there'll be nineteen hundred and seventy-six Christmases in a row, each one nastier than the year before. And on top of it all, there is this talk about God.

Joseph Alsop

PAX ROMANA SAVED—FOR TIME BEING

DESERT CAMP, NEAR BETHLEHEM—Whatever the criticisms of Sen. Frank Church and other liberals at home, no one here doubts that the Defeat of the Innocents was a success as a military operation, and that it saved more lives than it cost.

This reporter dined with some of the officers before they left on their mission. They were bronzed and

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relaxed, their tunics open, their swords by their sides, and were strengthened by that comradeship in arms which is known only to men who are about to go out together on a dangerous assignment. Except for some peacock's tongues sent by the Procurator, the food was only that of the desert, but to this reporter the Falernian wine seemed to have travelled unexpectedly well.

The night was already dark as the men made a quick offering to the *di penates,* buckled their tunics, felt the edges of their swords, and left their tents. One of them looked at the sky. "There are 10,000 stars up there, and 10,000 babies down here," he said. "How are we meant to know which is the right star, and which is the right baby?" He spoke as a professional soldier of the unpleasantness of his task, which had nevertheless to be done; and done cleanly.

They returned at dawn, weary from drawing their swords. But the Pax Romana had been saved in this area from the threat of an unknown child. They spoke little of their mission as they unbuckled their tunics.

From the wire

WASHINGTON, D.C. (AP)—President Gerald Ford announced this morning that Secretary of State Henry Kissinger will leave Tripolitania today by camel to go to Judaea, where he was not expected until next February. The President said that Kissinger would assure the new king that the United States shared his hopes for peace on earth and goodwill among men, and would also meet Herod to reaffirm the continuing support of the United States for his policies.

Evelyn Waugh,
from his diary

December 28 . . . Stayed night at Bethlehem of Judea. Town full of filthy people of the poorer classes being taxed. Some Jewess having baby in stable with other animals . . . Dined previous night with Procurator at Jerusalem. Usual crowd—Buffy Severus Lupus, Loopy Aufidius (with boy, *v.* ugly), Q. Metellus Celer. Randolph, drunk, called Herod "Bloody fool," which was mild for him. He seems greatly improved by his leprosy . . . Three dagos arrived on way back from birth of jumped-up messiah in hill country. People call themselves kings everywhere these days—mostly niggers. Randolph bitten by camel, made revolting scene on way back to hotel . . . Still have not found right slave for Auberon.

Walter Lippmann

DIVINE INTERVENTION IMPRUDENT AGAIN

It has not escaped the notice of men that the problems which God has undertaken to solve, by his sudden appearances in the world, have in fact been of his own creation. He laid out his plan in Genesis, and he is always trying to remake it.

These doubts can only be reinforced by his recent initiatives, and he cannot be surprised if his wisdom is now seriously called in question by his decision to intervene arbitrarily in one of the most disturbed regions of the world. Even if the method of his intervention had been conventional, it is hard to see how it could have contributed to a peaceful settlement in the Middle East. But to choose a woman and a child as his instruments must seem in the present condition to be the height of imprudence.

We did not criticize God at the time for creating the world, although it could have been argued even then that it would have been better if he had not chosen to act alone. But it was assumed that, when he saw that his creation was good, as he himself put it with the exaggeration which has always marked most of his pronouncements, he would withdraw from it. Instead he rested for only one day, and since then his interference in the affairs of men has been frequent and unpredictable.

He has usually delivered his ultimatums from clouds or the tops of high mountains, where the atmosphere is thin, and is known to encourage delusions in most people. But now that he has chosen to come down to earth, his actions inspire no more confidence than before.

Eugene McCarthy,
in a speech before the ashes of Gomorrah

. . . Achaemenid bimettalism was really a more workable policy, but Alexander of course used his brief time to change it. It is now too late to be seriously exercised about the problem, although one should not underestimate the ability of some people still to get aroused.

We are now told that there is a choice between Christ and Mithras. Perhaps there is, but who today can discern it? Mithras would be overrated, if anyone thought about him at all. But who does? To go down into a cave with some of the boys, sacrifice a bull, and do things too secret to tell in the dark, is hardly a claim to anyone's attention for long. I spent 12 years in the cloakroom of the Senate, and I see no need to make pointlessness even more uncomfortable.

As to Christ, there is not much news to go on yet, but perhaps we do not need more. The system seems to

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LE MONDE, January 14

LE DIEU JUIF EST ARRIVÉ À BETHLEHEM

Nouvelle concentration des bergers, et des trois rois, contre les samaritains du Nord

La paix de la vallée jourdainienne, gravement blessée par les prophètes, en péril encore; L'Étoile Menace Bethlehem

require a prophet every century or so, no matter where he comes from, with plenty of publicity each time, and some new notion that has been worked up for the times. No doubt Christ will be crucified, the thing has been tried before, and then there will be another 50 years of bleeding hearts. They may even set up crosses all over the place this time, and manufacture them for people to wear.

When one returns to the Aeneid, as I did only the other week, the underworld is just the same as now, and will always be. Not that I think that there cannot be an incarnate god, but with the two parties as they today are, will he be recognized and received?

From the wire

NEW YORK (AP)—During a panel discussion at the conference of the People's Public Health Care Accountability Project Task Force here, consumer advocate Ralph Nader charged that the circumstances of the recent reported birth of a messiah in Bethlehem are "another outrageous example of the deteriorating quality of health care delivery systems in Third World countries."

John Kenneth Galbraith,

from *Procurator's Journal.*

December 26 . . Awake again most of the night, with the pains that seem to pester me more as each year passes. My digestion needs a mollifying regimen, which Octavian knew well enough when he chose to send me to this godforsaken spot. When I cabled my mild complaint to him again yesterday, he sent back the reply: "Are you sure that it is still godforsaken after today's news?" He signed himself "Augustus Caesar," which he always does when I ask some consideration.

. . . Does this mean that State is getting excited by the rumors from Galilee, in spite of my persistent requests that they ought to be disregarded. If only those to whom Octavian listens in Washington spent as much time as I in receiving the natives here, all of whom claim to be descendants of David, who was begat by Jesse, who was begat by Obed, who was begat by Booz, who was begat by Salmon. I know the genealogy by rote now, and what can be expected from such a line?

But such are the uncelebrated labors of a procurator in these times, and the officials with whom I am meant to cooperate are no better. As soon as the reports from Bethlehem began to circulate in the bazaars, Herod was in my chamber, requesting an audience, and holding forth as usual, even though he knows that my headaches have been particularly severe recently. The man is trying: whether by nature or not, I leave to Dr. Jensen; although it has always occurred to me that there cannot be a mechanical explanation of one's own pre-eminence and that of a few of one's colleagues.

When I complained to Octavian some time ago about the inferior quality of the officials here, he replied in his next letter, which I had this morning: "Since you have always found everyone inferior to yourself, wherever you have worked, what is the difference in your position now?" He should spend a morning with Herod, whose subsidy from Rome is already larger than my own allowance, but who came here to ask for still more, and for men and arms as well.

At least I go to Tyre next weekend, if I am able to travel.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Blood on the Screen

Another article on film violence? I risk it because there is a historical perspective on the matter that I haven't yet seen discussed.

Let's begin at the beginning—the theater. The presence of violence throughout the history of drama doesn't need proof. The Greeks wanted the effect of violence, not its manifestation, but the Romans, especially Seneca, wanted more of the thing itself; and Seneca influenced the Elizabethans and the Jacobeans, and their imitators for the next two centuries. Which, in one sentence, brings us to the 19th century. By the early 19th century the theater audience in Europe and the US began to change. The pit and the gallery had always been the majority, but the theater had nevertheless been a relatively elitist art. Now money weight began to gather where the numerical weight was, and the effect was soon apparent in theatrical fare.

Melodrama arrived, and melodrama frequently depended on violence and the threat of death. It was perfected in France (where, by the end of the 19th century, it had freaked wildly into Grand Guignol), and it quickly spread to other countries. In the US, as David Grimsted shows in his excellent book *Melodrama Unveiled*, it was the dominant popular-theater form.

With the 20th century and the emergence of film, a curious thing happened, in time, to theater violence. It left pop-theater forms and became the province of serious theater artists and intellectuals. (Melodrama slid over into films and, eventually, to TV.) By now pop theater is mostly comedies and musicals and, except for the increasingly rare mystery, drama devoid of violence. It's serious plays, or at least seriously intended plays like *Streamers*, that deal with violence. One of the most important esthetic theories in this century's theater is right to this point: Artaud's Theater of Cruelty. (He liked to deny that he meant bloodshed and murder, but he was prevaricating, as his own plays show.)

This appropriation of theater violence by serious theater people has speeded up since World War II. If you're looking for violence in the theater these days, the place to find it is in the plays of Genet and Pinter and Williams and Bond, in the work of the Polish Actors Lab and its derivatives. The violence of all these is sometimes explicit but is always symbolic/metaphoric. Whatever one thinks of *Streamers* (I think little of it), the knifings are not intended to affect us *only* as they would if we had actually witnessed them in a barracks.

In contrast, most of the killings on film—and on TV—are meant to affect us *exactly* as they would if we saw them in the street. One strong and obvious reason for the shift of plain violent violence from theater to film is the newer medium's greater ability to make it veristic. Of course, in any serious view, film is as symbolic as the theater—in certain ways, more so—but when we see bullet-holes rip open a film actor's shirt, we respond more completely than we would in the theater because the tree and the rock he falls against are at least photographs of reality, not constructions of canvas and board and paint. The reality of the horse he fell from intensifies the shock of his pain and death.

This film certification of violence is so easy that it gets used a lot; and that use has inevitably increased even further because more entertainment is needed these days. If we lump film and TV together, people are much more media-dependent than ever before. A total of the hours spent in watching films and TV would come to many more hours of sheer watching per person than in the peak filmgoing days 30 years ago. Those hours have to be filled, and they cannot be filled to any considerable extent by Eric Rohmer and Marcel Ophuls. What handier help than just to turn on the violence tap? And in order to keep the shock shocking, the tap has to be opened as wide as is currently acceptable.

But let's have no provincial vanity about it. This is *not* an American phenomenon. American violent films and TV shows are internationally popular, and countries like India and Japan and Italy have whooped up their own violent-film production. When people said recently that the violence in *Marathon Man* was excessive, I confess I was surprised: I had wriggled through that dental torture, but it hadn't seemed a pinnacle in a year during which I had seen two penises cut off and another penis nailed to a board—in films from France and Japan.

What conclusions? First, nothing is more traditional or integral to drama than violence. Second, by mid-century violence had shifted from an older medium to newer ones because the newer ones now have the theater's popular audience and the newer ones are much more immediately graphic in giving that audience *what it has always wanted*. It's silly to attack film and TV producers about violence, as some groups have been doing: the producers are only supplying a felt need. True, a recent survey by the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency reports that 35 percent of TV viewers say they avoid violent programs and 1.4 percent say they have stopped buying products advertised on violent shows; but, assuming that the poll is reliable, notice the discrepancy between the two figures and notice that 65 percent don't shun violence. Of the top 50 box-office films listed in the December 1, 1976 *Variety* I know that a dozen are explicitly violent (I haven't seen them all). And in London, says the same issue, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* is "boff."

In all the agitation against violence there is a central fact that is often neglected. The violence in our films and TV is no distortion of life. "Porno and violence" has become a cant phrase, but it's a false linkage. The sex that most

Films Worth Seeing

The Last Tycoon. Fitzgerald's fragment fractured further. Still, some atmosphere—and Robert De Niro's strong-dreamy performance.

The Marquise of O . . . Eric Rohmer's exquisite film "placement" of Kleist's novella, in Kleist's language. A gem.

Network. TV power plays. Paddy Chayefsky's script is basically phony, but it crackles along. Cast and direction are slick.

The Seven-per-cent Solution. Sherlock Holmes meets Sigmund Freud—and high time, too, for both of them. A wonderfully acted romp.

SK

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people encounter in their lives most of the time has little connection with film pornography, but there is every connection between the violence in the world we know and the violence on big and little screens. Turn on your TV at 11 tonight—the local news—and see how, after the description of the lovers' quarrel or the robbery, the camera moves in for a closeup of the bloodstains on the floor, left from the murder that is happening as you read these words. (New York City alone averages more than four murders a day.) Wouldn't it be much odder if all this did *not* spill over into filmed fiction? Screen violence is not a perversion of reality like pornography, even like much screen romance and family drama: it is verity—exploitative, no doubt, but not exaggerated.

Then is everything to be permitted? Yes. But everything is not to be encouraged—by our attention. There are really only two kinds of violent films: those we like and those we don't like. The latter, for me, are films where the violence is egregious, sought out, "sold." The ones I like are of two kinds: those like *The Wild Bunch* where the killings are integral to character and theme and the character and theme are interesting; and the trivial ones that take the trouble to seduce me into visceral empathy like *Death Wish*. Excepting the guidance and care of children, which is quite a separate subject, all I can care about in regard to violence is discrimination. The only real harm in eating at a hamburger chain is in thinking that it's good food. Discrimination about violence (as about anything else) implies perspectives of self and art and human possibility far beyond the violence that is being discriminated about.

Pharisaism may be more harmful than violence—the credo that one bullet-hole is less violent than six.

Does this mean that the world is growing more and more callous? Is our sensitivity progressively deadening? I think the exact opposite: I think that, allowing for undulations, allowing for the disappearance of some superficial gavottes of etiquette, sensitivity gets keener. Imagine an Elizabethan audience, fresh from their bear-baitings and public hangings-and-quarterings, or a Victorian audience, smug with their child-exploitation and prisoner-floggings, asked for their opinion of *The Next Man* or "Starsky and Hutch." If they answered honestly, would they object to the violence as much as some of us do?

It's our *heightened* moral sense that has raised the whole question. But the same sense can make us deluded and ahistorical. Taste and self-knowledge, yes. Self-deception, no.

The Joffrey

If the Joffrey Ballet is the country's third major ballet company, the two front-runners (American Ballet Theatre and New York City Ballet) need look back over their shoulders only in execution of epaulment—and the rest of the prestigious pack (the Eliot Feld Ballet, Pennsylvania Ballet, etc.) are but a step away. At the artistic heart of the Joffrey is the taste of one man, Robert Joffrey, and the choreography of another, Gerald Arpino, and based on the first eight days of the current fall season at New York's City Center, a season devoted to "a showcase of All-American choreography," I would say the heart is too big.

The Joffrey has always performed a service by presenting rarely seen or previously unavailable works from the international repertoire, but in its attempt to identify exclusively with the all-American, the company is inviting an identity crisis. The opening night program consisted of Balanchine's *Square Dance*, Ailey's *Feast of Ashes* and Ruthanna Boris' *Cakewalk*. Not one Joffrey, not one Arpino. While it is true that the joyous *Cakewalk* lends itself to what the Joffrey does best, which is to create a carnival atmosphere, and has become one of the company's signature

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pieces, the Ailey piece cries out for Ailey dancers and the Balanchine, created for the long, clean line of Balanchine dancers and very much with us after its streamlined revival at NYCB last year (the profound sense of which this production makes all too clear), makes one long for the original and not the second company.

Moreover, this program has treated the audience to square dance as ballet and a minstrel show as ballet, but never just ballet as ballet. While Balanchine has removed the square dance caller and presence of musicians on stage from his production in an effort to purify and arrive at essential values, Joffrey appears to be increasingly withdrawing to a safe base of theatrics. The carnival atmosphere prevails, and the repertoire drifts between ballet and modern and, revealingly, offers the best of neither. But for all too brief balletic snippets and Arpino's unfocused *Reflections*, it wasn't until the tenth program, with Robert Joffrey's own *Pas des Deesses*, that at least a few of the women (Francesca Corkle, Charthel Arthur and Denise Jackson) got to show some extended technical skill. The Joffrey has suffered some serious defections to other companies recently, and a primary reason may be the lack of opportunity to use more of the classical training as primary reason.

As for the classical ability of the remainder of the company, it's difficult to form an opinion; particularly a high one. Which is not to say that the Joffrey doesn't have dancing talent: the acrobatics displayed by the men in *Olympics*; the winding and unwinding excitement of Gary Chryst in *The Moore's Pavane* and *Cakewalk*, respectively; the superb made-for-the-moment movement of Diane Orio in Twyla Tharp's nutty Beach Boy-accompanied *Deuce Coupe II*; the conspicuous partnering of Paul Sutherland in *Pas des Deesses*; the technique, extension and balance of Ann Marie de Angelo and the outstanding form and flamboyance of Luis Fuente in *Fanfarita*; all are testament to the Joffrey's reserves.

But it appears that not only in repertoire, but in company composition as well, Robert Joffrey has taken too many diversities to that big heart of his. It is said that John Cranko molded the great Stuttgart Ballet out of castoffs and misfits—an exaggeration, no doubt, but Cranko succeeded brilliantly with his company, whereas Joffrey now seems irresolute with his. Given his tendency to take disparate elements and make them more disparate, he is fortunate in having, and both gracious and wise in using, the services of his associate director and chief choreographer Arpino, who knows how to exploit the uniqueness of individuals and often turns liabilities into strengths. Nowhere is this more in evidence than in the world premiere of *Orpheus Times Light*, which casts the prepossessingly tall Christian Holder as a menacing Pluto, utilizes the solid grace of Dermot Burke as the tragic poet-musician-lover, and fully explores Robert Thomas' strength and control as the dancer who "partners" Orpheus and the Angel who guides him. A hitherto seldom seen Miyoko Kato looks and acts a believable Persephone, and although I disagree with Arpino's unnecessary and consequence-diminishing distortion of Eurydice, which makes her a protagonist forcing Orpheus to gaze prematurely on what he has been forbidden to gaze on prematurely, Ingrid Fraley in the role is all appropriate coil and slither.

With the inclusion of *Sea Shadow* and *Drums, Dreams and Banjos*, Arpino is responsible for six different ballets, or approximately half of the programs in the first week's repertoire. The six pieces are in themselves a study of diversity, but what they can all be characterized in common by is the overwhelming appropriateness of bodies to roles and the high level of execution (relative to the balance of the repertoire). Taken as a whole, these first eight days, devoted as they are to choreographic flag-waving, with more to come and *sans* the Joffrey's customary inclusion of international works, do not represent a total view of the Joffrey, but based on the experience borne of previous seasons and the knowledge of much of what is to come, I know that in this case more will result in more diffusion, more eclecticism, more loss of identity. And for me, more impatience. Impatience with a philosophy that sees virtue in bandwagons, no matter how high their load is stacked, or what is at the top and what is at the bottom of the heap, as long as they roll. Impatience with an artistic policy whose emphasis on pop culture scorns the hayride unless the wagon is trimmed with chrome and the hay is tinsel and the party multi-media. Impatience with myself for wanting to seize the reins of the wagon and detour it before it runs, out of control, into the Broadway theater district toward which it is veering.

Within a few days of the Joffrey's opening, the Eliot Feld Ballet, disciplined and well-defined, with a repertoire constituted primarily of one man's extraordinary choreographic talent, opened in downtown New York at the New York Shakespeare Festival's Newman Theatre, and the Pennsylvania Ballet, still carefully testing its artistic balance against the background of its relatively new-found prominence, arrived at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. More miles separate the three companies artistically than geographically. But by any measure, dance occupies rare space and the air in the dance world is getting very close. It is significant that the Joffrey, for all its youth and its youthful image, is the oldest of the three companies.

Judging it "for all its youth," the Joffrey's men should fare well against any other male corps, but how will its women's corps, with the imminent arrival of NYCB and ABT, compare to the young sophistication of the former or the poise and vitality of the latter? And as far as its youthful image is concerned, the Joffrey, in too many ways, is a child that refuses to grow up.

Ray Errol Fox

Ray Errol Fox is a dance and theater critic in New York.

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Books Considered

Boulez
by Joan Peyser
(Schirmer Books; $12.95)

For many of us in North America, Pierre Boulez's first claim to notoriety was not as a composer or conductor but rather as the author of a singularly nasty little temper tantrum published in the English magazine, *The Score*. The year was 1951; the issue was ostensibly designed to commemorate the death, the previous July, of Arnold Schönberg, but Boulez, never one to be deflected from his purpose by a sense of occasion, turned in a heavy-handed manifesto entitled "Schönberg est mort." His thesis was predictable: Schönberg, for all his own once-revolutionary zeal, had spent the last quarter century of his life in a futile attempt to merge 12-tone technique with the structural criteria of post-romanticism and had become, in a word, irrelevant. (Relevance, or some suitable synonym thereof, is a big word in Boulez's vocabulary.) The torch had passed to a younger generation (led by guess who?) and the music of the future, consequently, would borrow only those of Schönberg's theories which pertained to pitch, adapting them where possible to such parameters as rhythm, dynamics and timbre.

The argument, *per se*, was in no way extraordinary—Boulez was, and is, a persuasive advocate for the musical ideology in which he believes—and serialism, the multi-parametered integrational technique mentioned above, became the catchword of the '50s—first in Europe; later, and less pervasively, in America—with Boulez its most vocal proponent and, some would hold, most persuasive exponent. But the fact that this singularly uncharitable diatribe was included among tributes solicited for a memorial occasion—and solicited, moreover, by William (later Sir William) Glock, the adventuresome but solidly pro-establishment head of music for the BBC, tells us a great deal about the phenomenal European celebrity which had already attached to the then 26-year-old Boulez. A full decade after the publication of the article, indeed, Schönberg's widow, Gertrude, still declined to mention Boulez by name. In a radio interview with this reviewer taped in 1962, she commented: "Such things will not harm Schönberg—they will only help—well, I don't want to discuss personalities."

Despite the international brouhaha which attended the "Schönberg est mort" incident, it was by no means the first time that Boulez had managed to confuse reasoned exegesis with polemical despatch. In 1945, on the occasion of the first all-Stravinsky concert in post-war Paris, he directed a brigade of vocal saboteurs from a command post in the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées in order to harass the local neo-classic faction led by Nadia Boulanger. Unfortunately, such occasions were neither isolated incidents nor the idle pranks of a retarded adolescent. Boulez's life, as recounted by Peyser, seems to have consisted thus far of an interminable succession of plots and counterplots, fallings-out and reconciliations. Political advantage and musical conviction constantly intersect; colleagues are tabbed as opponents or accomplices according to the trends exhibited in their latest works and, though it would appear that the composer-conductor has mellowed somewhat during his six years with the New York Philharmonic, this is a depressing, disturbing, even frightening story.

It is also, in one respect, at least, a rather confusing one. Peyser incorporates into her narrative texture a para-military vocabulary which becomes at times indistinguishable from Boulez's own manner of speech. "Warring camps," for example, "fight," "engage in combat," "destroy," "vanquish," "crush," "annihilate," "demolish," and even "obliterate" each other with astonishing frequency. Such "triumphs" come about, of course, through "confrontations" in which a "hero," a "steel-tempered soul," or possibly even a "king," sees to it that "lines are firmly drawn" and that "rivals," "enemies," or, indeed even "arch-enemies," who are "waiting for the kill," are "exterminated." After "the struggle," "the leader," if he hasn't already enjoyed a coronation, will be "crowned" and his opposite number "dethroned." In happier times, a "truce" will be proclaimed, "allies" will be sought, "liaisons" will be formed though, unhappily, most of these turn out to be "stormy." This, of course, leads inevitably to "abuse," "ridicule," and "contempt" and frequently "guerrilla

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warfare" will break out and the cycle will begin anew.

Needless to say, linguistic invention of this order cannot be sustained indefinitely and the occasional chronological lapse is inevitable: a "Mafia" appears from time to time, various unlucky courtiers have "blocks knocked off" or "rugs pulled out" or "knives put in." But then, as Maître Boulez has pointed out, "History is much like the guillotine. If a composer is not moving in the right direction, he will be killed, metaphorically speaking."

Perhaps a few lines from the biographer will serve to convey the flavor of the piece. "In any case, if one wants to get anywhere in France—or, for that matter, in most countries—it helps to have a steel-tempered soul: how better to test the quality of the steel than to engage in combat with the powerful father, be he composer, teacher or conseiller of arts. To carry the question one step further: how better to test one's ultimate strength than to insult, attack, and repudiate one's country and then move on to bigger and better nations?" The reference to the "powerful father" is central to the author's thesis. Having declared the obligatory indebtedness to Erik Erikson in her introduction, she sets about a psychobiographic portrait and, unfortunately for her subject, produces one. Boulez, we are told, rejected his own father. "In reconstructing the battle today, Boulez speaks with pride of his own and his sister's strength: 'Our parents were strong. But finally we were stronger than they'". He also discovered at the age of five that a brother, bearing his Christian name, had died in infancy. "At an age when children first become aware of death, Pierre stood at the head of this tiny grave and read on the headstone, *Pierre Boulez*. 'I am a Darwinian,' Boulez explained. 'I believe I survived because I was the stronger. He was the sketch, I the drawing.'"

Peyser pursues her twin of filial rage and fraternal guilt with a vengeance. Boulez, it appears, in earlier years, was required to "kill" all father-figures, whether teachers (René Leibowitz, Olivier Messiaen) or elder statesmen (Igor Stravinsky, Arnold Schönberg) and, in more recent times, to fight a rearguard action against younger "brothers" who threaten his own position (Karlheinz Stockhausen, Henri Pousseur). His accomplice in the first of these pursuits is his sister, Jeanne—the book's dedicatee and most fascinating character. Her brother's only intimate friend, according to the author, Jeanne sees Pierre as a "Jesus-like figure," celebrates the "Clear-cut decision against. . .father" in which she served as comrade-at-arms, and is able to match him ploy for ploy because "he is strong. But I am strong, too." Such material, needless to say, encourages Peyser to compose a set of variations on the theme of Thomas Mann's *The Blood of the Walsungs* which, however, she manages with a modicum of subtlety—something that cannot be said for the repetitive, tasteless, and ultimately unproductive inquiries into Boulez's sexual proclivities which she undertakes with a little help from her friends.

If, from the relative isolation of the provinces, I may say so, this book is the archetypal product of the American Eastern-Seaboard megalopolitan mentality. Peyser, who is married to a psychiatrist, appears irresistibly drawn to analytic jargon and, consequently, manages to muddy the waters for her readers, her subject, and one would guess, his prospective future biographers as well.

She does, however, write rather well, in a manner that might be described as *New Yorker*-profile-extended. She has a good eye for detail, though she does not evoke a sense of period with that combination of cinematic precision and personal commitment that marks the work of such *New Yorker* alumni as, say, Renata Adler. Her description of musical life in the 1950s, though, is shrewd and well-researched and, in describing Boulez's activities during more recent years, she manages some memorable vignettes, including the hilarious account of a TV chat with a woefully unprepared Dick Cavett. Insofar as one can judge, she also has a good ear (and/or a reliable cassette) though her reconstruction of Boulez's first CBS recording sessions with the New York Philharmonic—a transplant from an earlier *New York Times* Sunday feature—opens with producer Andrew Kazdin announcing "insert 1, take 1." Kazdin, as I can testify from personal experience, is no slouch about the studio and the odds against him beginning a session with an "insert"—supplemental material designed to repair or extend a basic "take" and which, by definition, can begin anywhere *but* the beginning of a work—are long indeed.

Perhaps because Peyser regards Boulez's career as a conductor as an escape from composition and hence a fall from grace, she discusses his New York years (which will terminate this season) in considerable detail but with no particular vigor and, at times, in a positively giddy manner midway between Charlotte Curtis and Rona Barrett. For example: "Amy Greene runs the beauty shop at Henri Bendel, one of the most fashionable stores in New York. She is married to Milton Greene, who used to photograph Marilyn Monroe. The Greenes are good friends of the Leonard Bernsteins. One afternoon when I was in her shop, Mrs. Greene told me that. . .she had not been to the Philharmonic since Bernstein left because she heard that 'nothing good was going on there'. . .A woman from Long Island was trying eye shadow: 'I dropped my subscription,' she said, 'because my husband is tired at the end of the day and he just wants to listen to music he likes.'"

In earlier chapters, Peyser describes and characterizes Boulez's major compositions without attempting to analyze them. This is, I think, an appropriate response for a work of this kind and, if the author had let it go at that, her book would have served as a useful introduction to Boulez's music for the lay reader. Unfortunately, she is as consumed by delusions of relevance as is her subject and though, in her introduction, she proclaims him "a genius," it becomes increasingly apparent, as her thesis unfolds, that she regards him as a composer whose day has come and gone, who was "displaced by Stockhausen" and from whom "the rug was pulled" by John Cage. Translated, this means that Boulez subscribed to a set of principles which for one brief, heady moment—in the late '40s, early '50s—made him as *au courant* as any good avant-gardist could hope to be but because, with minor modifications, he held fast to these principles—displayed, in effect, ideological inflexibility—he missed the boat on the aleatoric developments of the later '50s and the theater music of the '60s. (One shudders to think how Peyser would deal with the Indian summer of Richard Strauss or describe the Palestrinian counterpoint of Bruckner's E minor Mass.) She labors, in fact, under what I have called elsewhere "the curse of the *zeitgeist*." And the irony of the situation, of course, is that so does her subject. Boulez, never known for collegial charity, is here the victim of something very close to a hatchet job, and Peyser's biography becomes, in effect, a "live by the sword, die by the sword" morality play. But only inadvertently. One cannot for a moment

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doubt that Peyser sympathizes with the sword rather than its victim.

History, thank God, should not and does not work that way. The process of historical selection is notoriously insensitive to who got where first, but deeply involved with who did what with most sensitivity. Peyser would do well to reflect upon a quote from Olivier Messiaen which she features on page one of her introduction and, in an edited variant, at the end of Chapter 14. "There are people who go unperturbed through change. Like Bach. Like Richard Strauss. . .But Boulez cannot. This is extremely sad because he is a great composer." If Peyser had seen fit to adopt this quote as a leitmotive, she might well have produced a more balanced temperate study. Boulez may not be a "great composer," but he is certainly an interesting one and, despite—or, more accurately, because of—his own self-conscious and self-destructive reading of history, he deserves a biographer whose judgments are not impaired by similar conceits and who is able to offer more objective coverage than the present volume affords.

Glenn Gould

Glenn Gould is a pianist and composer.

Charlotte Brontë The Self Conceived by Helene Moglen

(Norton; $11.95)

Although now fashionable, psychobiography is fraught with dangers. Yet with a family as haunted by genius as were the Brontës, any lenses which might better enable us to perceive the creative process are worth using. Anne, Emily and Branwell Brontë all wrote, and Emily's *Wuthering Heights* is a romance of rare power, but only Charlotte lived long enough to create an *oeuvre*. Even so, she remains to most readers only the author of *Jane Eyre*, and it is Helene Moglen's aim to make us see beyond that novel to *Shirley* and *Villette*, and behind all of Charlotte Brontë's writings to the tragic and gifted author herself.

More than psychobiography is involved, for Helene Moglen uses still a newer tool in her interweaving of biographical and literary analysis, and demonstrates that it is less new than we think. Feminism had been a force since Mary Wollstonecraft a half century earlier; still it comes as a surprise to see it pervade the lonely Yorkshire parsonage where Charlotte stubbornly lived out her days as surviving sibling. "Lonely as I am—" she wrote her editor, "how should I be if Providence had never given me courage to adopt a career—perseverence to plead through two long, weary years with publishers till they admitted me? How should I be with youth past—sisters lost—a resident in a moorland parish where there is not a single educated family? In that case I should have no world at all: the raven, weary of surveying the deluge and without an ark to return to, would be my type. As it is, something like a hope and motive sustains me still. I wish all your daughters—I wish every woman in England had also a hope and motive: Alas, there are many old maids who have neither."

To the same editor, W. S. Williams, she observed that the job market was glutted enough without the entrance of women; yet she wondered whether women should be housebound. "Is there any room for female lawyers, female doctors, female engravers, for more female artists, more authoresses?" When a woman's hands were full of woman's work, she realized, "her vocation is evident; when her destiny isolates her, I suppose she must do what she can, live as she can, complain as little, bear as much, work as well as possible." Mary Taylor, a feminist friend, reproached Charlotte for her moderation, but her realism came from her willingness, even her desire, to let destiny isolate her. Providence had set her in the grim cottage by the churchyard at Haworth, had robbed her of her gifted sisters and brother, and had left her with the guilt of the survivor. She had betrayed the worthy dead by remaining unworthily alive, betraying them even further by falling into the dubious happiness of unrequited passion. With those burdens, how could she be anything but a self-effacing recluse? To savor the joys of literary fame in London, to publish (after the sisters' pseudonymous successes) under her own name, to do more than masochistically relish her impotence and dependency as a woman, would be to dishonor the dead. Thus her genius warred with her guilt, and her feminism with her sense of the fitness of fate.

Without fortune, and thus without prospects, Caroline Helstone in *Shirley* finds life, in Helene Moglen's words, "an endless expanse of time which must be filled." Surely she speaks for Charlotte Brontë when she summarizes how a victim must face the frustrations of a life that merely "wears away":

Take the matter as you find it; ask no

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questions, utter no remonstrances; it is your best wisdom. You expected bread, and you have got a stone; break your teeth on it, and don't shriek because the nerves are martyrized; do not doubt that your mental stomach—if you have such a thing—is strong as an ostrich's; the stone will digest. You held out your hand for an egg, and Fate put into it a scorpion. Show no consternation; close your fingers firmly upon the gift; let it sting through your palm. Never mind; in time, after your hand and arm have swelled and quivered long with torture, the squeezed scorpion will die, and you will have learned the great lesson, how to endure without a sob. For the whole remnant of your life, if you survive the test—some, it is said, die under it—you will be stronger, wiser, less sensitive. . . .

The second heroine in the novel, Shirley Keeldar, reflects the other, repressed side of Charlotte Brontë, impatient with the system which stifles her, yet eager to accept male dominance if the romantic myth would in reality hold her "in check" via a man "whose approbation can reward—whose pleasure punish me. A man I shall feel it impossible not to love, and very possible to fear." Yet in her ambivalence Shirley Keeldar feels a need, as did *Jane Eyre* herself, for what Helene Moglen calls "a female mythology, a religion which is not the product of the male imagination, not an extension of the patriarchal structure." Thus Shirley offers Caroline her own celebration of "my mother Eve," that "undying, mighty being" who is to her the mother of Titans, the daughter of Jehovah, and the equal to Adam, his son: "The first woman was heaven-born. Vast was the heart whence gushed the well-spring of the blood of nations; and grand the undegenerate head where rested the consort-crown of creation." Like modern feminists she longs for a maternal deity with whom she can identify and who will instill in her a pride which will reinforce her confidence as a woman. It was a radical vision for a lonely woman who wrote from a windswept country parsonage. But each of her novels from the naïvely autobiographical *The Professor*, which preceded *Jane Eyre*, to her final version of her Brussels experience, *Villette*, worked out through its fantasy-veiled social texture the psychosexual myth into which she had turned the identity crisis of her life. The form of the novels, Helene Moglen suggests, is the form of its heroine's neurosis. "The narrative is as difficult and as indirect as is the heroine's attempt to defeat loneliness by learning to accept and even to reinvent herself."

Brussels was the place where Charlotte Brontë's sexual awakening began, and ended. At 26, financed by a tiny bequest from their aunt, she had left Haworth with Emily to study French and German in order to prepare to open a school of their own. The Pensionnat Heger was run by Constantin Heger and his wife Zoë, and had 12 boarding students and 40 day-girls. Heger was the first man outside Charlotte's family and her father's curates with whom she lived in close proximity. One of his pupils described him unromantically as "a little dark man . . ., pungent and austere, . . . with his close-shorn, black head, his broad, sallow brow, his thin cheek, his wide and quivering nostril, his thorough glance and hurried bearing." To the plain, withdrawn Charlotte he was maleness personified, and he would even be transformed into the brooding Byronic grandeur of Rochester, in *Jane Eyre;* but as Winifred Gerin, the author of the definitive biography (1967), puts it, Heger was her "ghost of happiness." Madame Heger understood, and made sure that Charlotte had no opportunity to express even veiled feelings about Heger except by letter, after she had returned from Brussels for good. Yet when in Brussels, in the desperation of her heart's need, Charlotte, a devoted daughter of the Anglican Church, went to the extremity of going to a Catholic church to kneel at the confessional and, one must assume, to confide to a priest what she could express no other way.

As novelist she found other means of exposing her wound and expressing her pain. To a young American friend the astute W. M. Thackeray explained *Villette*, oversimplifying in his lack of knowledge Charlotte's psychological complexities. "The poor little woman of genius!" he wrote, "the fiery little eager brave tremulous homely-faced creature! I can read a great deal of her life as I fancy her in her book, and see that rather than have fame, rather than any other earthly good or mayhap heavenly one she wants some Tomkins or another to love her and be in love with. But you see she is a little bit of a creature without a penny-worth of good looks, thirty years old I should think buried in the country, and eating up her own heart there, and no Tomkins will come."

A Tomkins did come, in Charlotte's last years—the loyal, prosaic and once-rejected curate Arthur Nicholls, whom she married and whose child she was bearing when she died at Haworth in 1855 at 39. "Perhaps, in time," writes Helene Moglen, "Nicholls would have been able to erase the survivor's guilt and shame." Yet "the regressive circumstances in which she [still] lived" kept her from being freed psychologically as she had liberated herself intellectually. In her self-imposed prison of the bleak Yorkshire parsonage she died a penitent for the sins of her birth.

Stanley Weintraub

Stanley Weintraub's forthcoming book, *Four Rossettis*, will be published next spring by E. P. Dutton.

The Cabaret
by Lisa Appignanesi

(Universe; $20)

"A black cat placing a disdainful paw on an obliterated goose." A dangerous new art, feline in its innuendo and deceptive charm, sinking metaphorical teeth and claws into a goggle-eyed, middle-class audience. This is the image conjured up by the first sentence of Lisa Appignanesi's new book. *The Cabaret* traces the development of an art form from its Parisian birth pangs in 1881 through more advanced forms in Berlin, Vienna and Zurich, all the way up to such contemporary Anglo-American offshoots as Lenny Bruce, *Beyond the Fringe* and Nichols and May.

This book, then, is not—as millions will undoubtedly deduce from the title—a belated tribute to Bob Fosse. In her introduction, the author makes it clear that she aims to broaden the word's connotations beyond such vague, imprecise symbols as Marlene Dietrich or Liza Minnelli. It would be interesting to know how many *Blue Angel* or *Cabaret* fans are aware that "cabaret" derives from the French for tavern or wine cellar, and that it took 20 years—until 1900—for the new form to expand from its Montmartre beginnings and take root in Berlin.

Since that first enterprising cabaret, Le Chat Noir (The Black Cat!), when the proprietor-M.C., or *conferencier*, would mockingly usher in his bourgeois

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devotees and then proceed to insult them with anti-capitalist poetry, leftist *chansons*, and gallows humor, the idea of cabaret has been the product of two impulses: an avant-garde esthetic and a subversive outlook on society. The very spontaneity of the first nightspots characterized by these impulses went directly against the grain of "official" art, its attendant stuffiness, its high fashion. Since a good-sized proportion of any Chat Noir or Mirliton audience was middle-class, it seems that the bourgeois of the late 19th century was willing to endure satire or even villification from the stage—"Every dog will piss on your bloated faces/In solitary places" ran a Jules Jouy lyric of the 1880s—if it meant an unusual evening of "entertainment." The tiny performance space (often a corner of the bar), the jacked-up prices of drinks, the hot, sweaty atmosphere, the constant improvisation, plus the often dangerous neighborhoods—all created an experience dead set against realism in art, decorum in behavior, and the status quo in politics.

According to broad generalization, the history of French cabarets is all poetry, music-hall routines, and surrealism, while that of German-speaking cabarets is composed of bitter satire, political commitment and expressionism. (Zurich, a linguistic amalgam, produced Dada, a crazy-quilt of all of these.) But the names and schools of art which make up a century-long roll call of cabaret innovators defy national boundaries. Think of the half-mad poetry of Brecht (initially booed off Berlin's Wild Stage), or the sensual verses of "ugly, brutal, dangerous" Frank Wedekind, that amazingly neglected playwright. Think also of the high-class spoofs of Margo Lion, who razzed Berlin's underground abortion industry in song and story. Or of the absurdist clowning of the great Karl Valentin, accompanied by a tinny, macabre Kurt Weill tune. Or of the donkey Lolo, whose switching tail, dipped in paint, produced a canvas solemnly inspected by the Salon critics. Immediate political contexts aside, the cabaret is an incredibly eclectic art, its high spirits unfettered by sacrosanct notions of "the arts," each in its own neat pigeonhole. Out of rowdy cafés and late-night dives grew such diverse stepchildren as Futurism and vaudeville, the blackout sketch and the Beat scene, Tucholsky and Mort Sahl.

Like all good studies of an art form, Appignanesi's book raises as many

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questions as it answers. Why, for instance, have cabarets flourished under weak democracies (France during the Third Republic, Weimar Germany) and not under strong ones? (More to satirize, maybe?) A corollary question: why should English and American cabaret have sprouted so belatedly—and,with the arguable exception of Lenny Bruce, in so relatively genteel a fashion? (In England, at least, a long democratic tradition and the stage censorship may have defused much of the satirical urge: groups like *Beyond the Fringe*, when they finally surfaced in the early 1960s, aimed their arsenal at the dullness of conventions, not at political repression.) And a big puzzle. Why, I wondered, had the author devoted just one-10th of the book's space to the 30-year period since World War II—a full *one-third* of the cabaret's lifespan? Then I realized she had very little to write about in this era: a brief flowering in England and the US (now watered down to stand-up comics or pop music revues); a burgeoning café scene at the expense of more recondite satire in France; an increasingly polemicized cabaret in Germany (West). Why this decline of a once-lively art?

I can think of four possible reasons. First: the sheer hugeness and anonymity of big cities today makes it virtually impossible for an urban cabaret to wield the cultural influence it had in 1910 or even 1935. (The corresponding predominance of television means what satire we get reaches us at the *Saturday Night* level.) Second, our peculiar mania for violence, in life as well as in art, makes yesterday's avant-garde radicalism look pale by comparison—could Tristan Tzara's fulminations or Rose Valetti's juicy songs really shock today against the background of My Lai and *Marathon Man*? Third, the stultifying blandness of modern politics homogenizes knaves or fools (*i.e.*, satirical fodder) into superficially attractive icons. How many good satires were there on Nixon? How many will there be on the Reverend Moon, or Arabs and Israelis, or Margaret Thatcher? Fourth: the few genuine avant-gardists at work today are constantly at the mercy of media hype. Take just two men: Richard Foreman and Robert Wilson, both recently ensconsed in various pleasure domes of Lincoln Center. I don't begrudge their upward mobility, but suspect that their current vogue as media darlings symbolizes a reluctance to address the few when the larger world decides it's ready for a little dose of the experimental. Radical chintz. When the avant-garde expands its horizons to take in a more conventional audience, history tells us that the radical is assimilated into the object of conversion. "Too many men who began on the barricades," wrote Clemenceau, "have ended up in the government."

By provoking large questions, *The Cabaret* performs a sociological as well as an esthetic service. Appignanesi's research has been prodigious (especially in the section on 1920s Germany) and includes a gold mine of anecdotes, ranging from the Munich *Simplicissimus'* "Ten Commandments of Cabaret Life" (arriving late, sneering at singers, blowing smoke, stomping out) to Martin Miller's devastating radio parody of Hitler ("In Chicago alone, there are 324,000 Czechs. . ."). My own favorite: Erich Kastner's takeoff on Brecht's "Surabaya Johnny," sung by Kate Kuhl at the Schall und Rauch:

You never travelled, Johnny.
You're not from Kipling, Johnny!
Take that pipe out of your mouth, man:
You're from Brecht!

There are minor slips (Jeremy Geidt comes out Veidt) and omissions (no mention of Hallie Flanagan?), as well as occasional descents into academese which reads like a Donald Barthelme pastiche: "The audience too was well armed, with tomatoes, eggs, even escalopes and beef-steaks. All these were projected at the players." Or: "Butts of satire ceased to be seen as results of complex social conditions and were attacked merely as clichéd entities." Appignanesi lectures in comparative literature in Sussex, which may explain the slight odor of chalk hanging over passages like these. But as a whole the text is refreshingly free of cant, and at times, especially in sequences describing new events or opening nights, it moves along like a good novel: flowing, all of a piece, hard to put down.

Nor is the writing the only attraction. Crammed with sketches, posters, cartoons, and photos, *The Cabaret* is a cornucopia of the visual arts of the last 90-odd years. From the inside front cover—a crimson splash of Boccioni's impressions of a 1911 Futurist circus—to a closing still of Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, *et. al.* looking preposterously fruity in rain gear, the book reminds us that artists such as Heine, Cocteau or Grosz were as vital as any manager, poet or pamphleteer in shaping the boundaries and aspirations of the cabaret form. A snapshot of Munich bohemia (some perched on the ceiling), another of Hugo Ball cheerfully encased in a cardboard cylinder at Cabaret Voltaire, the French donkey's canvas awash in bright yellows and greens (and titled *And the Sun Sets on the Adriatic*!), Valentin dangling, spider-like, over a wispy bicycle. . .the cabaret was a painterly, visual art as much as it was a performing, verbal one. In its joyful eclecticism and exuberant disregard for "forms" lay its strength and its significance. I use "was" reluctantly, perhaps convinced by the pessimistic tone of Appignanesi's final line: "Reality may now have finally outstripped the possibility of satire." *The Cabaret* treats its subject with skill and love, but the future of that subject depends on whether we want it at all—whether we can still summon up the courage to see our foibles mocked through the medium of a delightful, anarchic art.

Steve Lawson

Steve Lawson, dramaturge for both Circle in the Square and the Williamstown Theatre, was co-artistic director of the Yale Cabaret.

Antonin Artaud: Selected Writings

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $20)

Until now, only one of Antonin Artaud's books, *The Theater and Its Double*, and a few pieces in *The Drama Review* were available in English translation. We filed him away in the lower categories, knew him as an "influence," a footnote to Genêt; a minor Surrealist; a "figure" rather than an artist. Susan Sontag has selected excerpts from the 13 volumes of his work in the complete French edition for this historic, 600-page collection. It throws open startling vistas of a radically original mind.

Whether readers and critics will accept him as a gifted writer of lasting

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significance or as an aberrant genius will depend on their willingness to accept a madman's visionary flashes as well as his shrill protests, his artistry as well as his obsessive drive to make his anguish public.

His life was one of almost unrelieved physical and mental suffering. Meningitis struck when he was a child of five. Migraine and other neurological pain led to a lifelong addiction to opiates. He was cursed with mental crises and periodic confinements in mental hospitals.

The last and longest confinement lasted for nine continuous years. A few months after his release, and about a year before he died of cancer in 1948 at the age of 52, he made a rare public appearance in Paris, reading his work and describing his travels to an audience of friends that included André Gide, Albert Camus, Adrienne Monnier and André Breton. A biographical note summarizes Artaud's performance as "talking, trembling, screaming, humming, singing, chanting. By all accounts, this spectacle of Artaud's Passion was terribly painful to watch." The comment also pertains to much of what he wrote.

The first statement that Susan Sontag makes in her long introductory essay is that the usual distinction between the experiences of a writer's life and his work becomes, in the case of Artaud, void. The format of the book makes this assertion hold, for the creative works—prose poems, verse, fiction, screenplays and essays—are counterpoised with long sections of his letters.

His poetic essay *Van Gogh, the Man Suicided by Society,* subsumes many of the private concerns articulated (the meaning of this word must be compromised) in his letters. Artaud deliberately and fiercely identifies with the painter. He writes lovely evocations of the paintings and re-creates the rare colors and movement of the last one, *Wheatfield with Crows,* finished two days before van Gogh's suicide, with clarity, compassion, and those noble insights that only artists can bring to art. His writing then takes sudden flights to the remotest regions of his mind, frenzied, hypnotic, lucid and inscrutable.

He defends the mad artist who sees "farther, infinitely and dangerously farther"; he flings charges of insanity back to a society that thinks itself rational and shrilly denounces van Gogh's physician and his own psychiatrists.

In comparison with the lucidity of van Gogh . . . psychiatry is no better than a den of apes who are themselves obsessed and persecuted and who possess nothing to mitigate the most appalling states of anguish and human suffocation but a ridiculous terminology . . .

There is an excerpt from *Heliogabalus, or The Anarchist Crowned,* Artaud's curious novel about the youthful Roman emperor who ruled for only four years in the early third century, and who stands out as outrageous even in the *milieu* of late imperial Rome. His coronation festivities lasted a year. He ordered banquets, games, rites of a "monstrous sumptuosity," appeared in public dressed as Venus, tried to impose the rites of Baal on Jews, Christians, all manner of pagans, and appointed a dancer to head the Praetorian Guard.

These, his tamer activities, are central to Artaud's narrative, for he reverses the damning verdict of history and sees Heliogabalus as a hero: he made theater of life, he applied the myths, carrying "to paroxysm the pursuit of art, the pursuit of ritual and poetry" and "undertook a systematic and joyous demoralization of the Latin mind."

His reign is a metaphor for Artaud's dream of restoring theater to its ancient roots, to the intense, ritualistic involvement of actor and spectator. The two theaters he founded, The Alfred Jarry Theater and The Theater of Cruelty, failed. But his notes and essays written in the early '30s have directly shaped, in concrete ways, the most successful innovative performances in Europe and the United States in the past 15 years.

Before turning to theater, he defined a mission for film that the technology of the time could not encompass. "Don't you think this might be the time," he wrote in a letter, "to connect the Cinema with the intimate reality of the brain?" His 1925 screenplay, *Eighteen Seconds,* never filmed and not even published in France until 1949, is a private phantasmagoria that becomes coherent in the context of this volume because its images are so many fused fragments of his life and art. "Where others present their works, I claim to do nothing more than show my mind."

The Umbilicus of Limbo, a series of texts of mixed genres from the '20s, is the best example of the ecstasies of his Surrealist phase. The last selection, *The Spurt of Blood,* is a parody of Surrealist drama. Since so much literature of this school goes beyond exaggeration and reads like self-parody to begin with, this screamingly funny playlet is a patch of

LET HIM GROW WITH A QUESTAR

A child's wonder at the world about him can hold a promise, for many a scientist can remember that his present preoccupation with the universe began with an intense curiosity early in life.

Such a child will learn to master many tools, and the telescope, that prime tool of science, should be the first. A flawless tool is an extension of the mind and hand, and a fine telescope should combine such mechanical and optical perfection that it can serve for a lifetime and never become a frustration whatever the critical job at hand. Questar, the very finest, is such a tool and its lovely versatility adds an extra dimension to many fields: astronomy, of course, but also to disciplines that are terrestrial in nature. Whether it will be used for research, or simply for the pure enjoyment of observing wildlife, even indoors, perhaps, where its high powers can focus on the web-spinning of a house spider at a distance of ten feet, it is a gift for ever. And its easy portability can take it wherever one travels.

What other tool could you buy a child that not only would enchant and amuse him in his early awakening, but would continue to serve him all his life?

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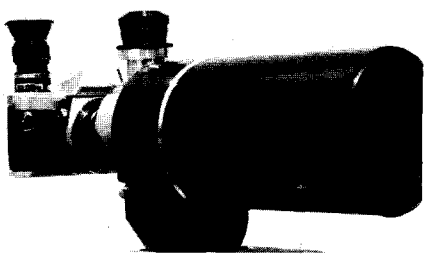
The Standard Questar with its beautiful star chart is shown above. Below, the Field Model, with Olympus camera attached, is tripod mounted.



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brilliance and sanity, and can be read as Artaud's break with the movement after a clash with its members.

Artaud became increasingly absorbed in magic, alchemy, the Cabala, tarot, astrology and obscure occult traditions. He travelled to Mexico, exhorting the citizens of Mexico City to restore the humanistic values of their Mayan past. He visited a remote village in the Sierras to seek a cure in the Tarahumara peyote rites, which he describes in one of his finest pieces.

The last letters are the most difficult, and the most compelling and painful. The real humiliation of mental asylums and the horror of electric shock treatments become confused with the demons and alien powers that terrorized him; intricate allusions to the religious and magical systems that he studied proliferate. They possess his last creative work, the radio play *To Have Done With the Judgment of God*, recorded under Artaud's supervision but banned the day before the broadcast in 1947. The reader who makes the effort to read closely will be rewarded with glimpses into the private logic of an extraordinary mind. The introductory essay and the long but uneven notes, which include biographical information, are helpful but often silent guides.

With the complexity of Artaud, the skill, intelligence and empathy of a translator are severely tested. Helen Weaver's English flows as if Artaud, like Beckett, simultaneously made his own translations.

John Fludas

John Fludas is a free-lance writer in New York.

Christmas Quiz

Answers will be published in the January 15 issue. The first three readers to respond with all correct answers will receive a copy of The Two of Us *by Tony Martin and Cyd Charisse, or a comparable cash award.*

1. Given Names

The following are better known by other names. Who are they?

a. Giovanni di Bernardone
b. Tula Finklea
c. William S. Porter
d. Herbert Frahm
e. Angelo Roncalli

2. States of the Union

a. "Manly Deeds, Womanly Words" is the motto of what state?
b. English was *not* the official language of what state?
c. What state has the smallest population?
d. What was the first state to ratify the Constitution?
e. What state changed its capital in the past 15 years?

3. Odd Man Out

Who doesn't belong in the following groups?

a. James S. Sherman, George Dallas, Thomas Hendricks, Edwin Denby, William A. Wheeler
b. Gunther Schuller, Otto Rank, Hanns Sachs, Sigmund Freud, Karl Abraham
c. Warren Spahn, Tony Martin, Lew Burdette, Bob Feller, Lefty Grove
d. William Faulkner, Sinclair Lewis, Ernest Hemingway, John Steinbeck, F. Scott Fitzgerald
e. Anastasio Somoza, Engelbert Dollfuss, Francisco Franco, Lord Frederick Cavendish, Walter Rathenau

4. 1976 Politics

a. Who won the Massachusetts Democratic presidential primary?
b. Who succeeded Howard ("Bo") Callaway as President Ford's campaign manager?
c. What former Republican was elected to the Senate as a Democrat?
d. Who said, "The Democrats do it to their secretaries. The Republicans do it to the country."?
e. Who nominated Jimmy Carter at the Democratic National Convention?

5. Higher Education

At what college or university did the following receive their bachelor's degree?

a. John Kenneth Galbraith
b. Richard Kleindienst
c. Jacqueline Onassis
d. Derek Bok
e. Jack Lemmon

6. Beginnings

Identify the books which open with the following lines.

a. "The towers of Zenith aspired above the morning mist . . ."
b. "As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where there was a Den . . ."
c. "In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice . . ."
d. "The studio was filled with the rich odour of roses . . ."
e. "I was a Christmas present in a family that didn't believe in Christmas."

7. Music

a. How many symphonies did Haydn write?
b. Who wrote the words to "My Forgotten Man"?
c. What composer was president of an insurance agency?
d. Who wrote the music to "Take the 'A' Train"?
e. How old was Mozart when he wrote his first symphony?

8. Monarchy

a. The King of Spain is what relation to Queen Victoria?
b. Who is second in the line of succession to the British throne?
c. Who was proclaimed Emperor of his country in the past six months?
d. Who was the reigning monarch in England when America was discovered?
e. Who was the first English monarch to visit America?

9. Show Biz — Movies

a. What was the name of the homicidal columnist in *Laura*?
b. What was the title of Marilyn Monroe's last film?
c. Whose understudy is Ruby Keeler in *42nd Street*?
d. Who starred in the 1937 version of *A Star is Born*?
e. Who was Peter Lorre's nemesis in *Casbah*?

10. Show Biz — Television

a. Name two programs with a chimpanzee as a regular member of the cast.
b. What newsman presented the 1962 "Political Obituary of Richard Nixon"?
c. What family was "creepy . . . kooky . . . mysterious and spooky"?
d. By what television couple was Harry Von Zell employed in the 1950s?
e. Who played Ethel Mertz's husband?

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The Back of the Book

I Smell a Horse

Ordinarily I need no exceptional evidence to prove how out of things I am, but the Christmas ads for perfumes have made the point too well for comfort. Either that, or I'm on to something. Not that perfumes have ever been a passion of mine, to buy or sniff on others. In fact, as sniffers go, mine is unusually insensitive, which is why I can drive past a duck farm without changing expression. So it's quite possible that nothing is happening here at all, that the perfumes of today are the same odors they've always been, no matter how the ads describe them. Quite possible, and yet. . .

My wife tells me that #19 has been around for years, so when I ask what's happened to #s 6 through 18, she says: very funny. Naturally, I take her at her word, though I truly only remember Chanel #5, my memory reinforced as recently as last Christmas when Catherine Deneuve did TV spots for #5 while defending her preference for blueberries. Now we have Chanel #19, the "outspoken Chanel," in an ad showing a playful couple on the couch, the young man laughing while the young woman (smiling) has him in a headlock. The caption reads: "Witty. Confident. Devastatingly feminine"—not the woman, the perfume. Witty perfume?

An ad for Blazer perfume shows a man in a polo outfit with binoculars hanging from his neck, embracing a woman in a red blazer, green shirt and white ducks, while he sits on the hood of his sports car. As in the Chanel ad the woman is laughing. In fact, in all these ads people are either in hysterics or lust, the latter evidencing itself in deadly stares or odd clothing. Here the caption is: "Sporty. Casual. Exciting. Fresh. Up. Jaunty." Never mind "exciting" and "fresh." But sporty? Jaunty? Up?

I don't know what to make of the ad for Estée, but I don't like what I see. The caption here seems straightforward enough: "Estée is the first super perfume." But the picture shows a lady, a cross between Mildred Pierce and Ninotchka, holding a bouquet of flowers and wearing what looks like a combination peasant dress, bridal gown and negligee—the kind of thing worn by refrigerated wives in the early vampire movies. That is not the odd part. (The woman in the Farouche ad—"Farouche. The word means both shy and wild"—is conspicuously naked beneath something that makes the Estée dress look normal, and wears a fuzzy derby at least twice the size of her head.) The odd part is the horse—a white grazing horse about a hundred feet behind the lady. Are the flowers for the horse? Did the horse give her the flowers? And what does this have to do with perfume?

In an ad for Jontue—"sensual but not too far from innocence"—is another lady looking naked under another odd dress, her left arm supporting another big hat, this one of straw, taking a barefoot walk in the meadow. She is not too far from innocence, and not too far from her, walking right behind her in fact, are two horses. Two. What are they doing there? Perhaps the horses in these ads are emissaries from the animal kingdom, telling us it's all right, whatever we do to the sperm whale and musk-ox, that perfume is their friend, too. But these horses don't look friendly; and they may not be after the straw hat.

Then there's the ad for Interlude by Frances Denney. I'd better quote the text directly:

> *They know about a perfume that drives men mad. Interlude. We checked it out, too, in a completely unscientific survey, conducted among seven of the most attractive men in the world. It's a Biggie. A perfume. The kind men love. Very classy and serene for about a minute. Then layers and layers of complications. Pure animal notes. The scent of reckless flora that grow with wild abandon on islands off the coast of Madagascar. Like that. Outclassing. Outdistancing all the little-girl numbers around like a thoroughbred.*

Madagascar notwithstanding, here is this horse again (not in the picture—that shows a vaguely frightened woman, probably about to sound her animal notes, a large powder puff slung over her shoulder, standing outside a bedroom in which waits a man in dark clothing who looks seriously demented). The simile is "thoroughbred," a horse of a perfume. Ominous.

Now I know that normal sense is not the strong suit of advertising generally, and it's unfair to single out perfume ads on these grounds. The Bulova accutron claims to be "more than just a watch," just as Porsches and Audis claim to be "more than just. . .cars"—what else are they. . .horses? Pakistan International Airlines calls itself "an exception to the downward trend." Last week *The New Yorker* carried ads for $1200 plates, $75 "haute couture" backgammon sets, and the "graceful tern," a pin for $2975. Joan Baez's new album is "Not *written* but *etched* on the souls of mankind. Not *arranged* but *perfected* with extraordinary musical phrasing. Not *performed* but *inspired* with the intimacy that makes a composition a classic"—for those of us who thought it was merely written, arranged and performed.

By far the most perilous ad I've seen in a long time is for F. J. Cooper, Inc., Philadelphia "jewelers by birth" (which must be something to watch). Here is a picture of a seated Mr. and Mrs. Cooper looking very pleased for reasons described below it. "'A museum would give its eye-teeth for my peridot,' says Mrs. Cooper." It seems that Mr. Cooper wants to give the peridot to a museum, but Mrs. Cooper wants to sell it (for $35,000, at least before Christmas). The ad says that "Late one night not long ago [the peridot] was smuggled across a Far Eastern border [you can't be too precise these days]. We, of course, were not there [we were in Philadelphia?]. But our contact said the owner had tears in his eyes as he surrendered it." Well and good for the Coopers, but what if we buy the peridot, and the original owner has a change of heart? Is one to lead a *Maltese Falcon* existence because of Mrs. Cooper's avarice?

The perfume ads are a horse of a different color. It's not that they seem to function in a world of different sensibility, like the Coopers, but in a different world altogether, a world of their own or one they foresee as their own. There is Bené, a man's perfume—"is he this kind of man: Aware enough to know it's mind over macho? Terrific in the board room—and even more so in the bedroom?" Let us hope so, especially if he performs different functions in both places, but specifically because our man has to adjust to Bené, described as "gallant" and "authoritative." In other words, he must be equal to the perfume, which has its own virtues, its own life. "A woman does not put on my fragrance," boasts Karl Lagerfeld, inventor of Chloé. "She enters it." Exactly.

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I swear there's something going on here. A cologne is called Paco Rabanne pour homme, but the ad says, "Paco. . .to his friends," *his* friends. Chaz cologne is "gutsy." Roger and Gallet fragrance soap is "not just a soap"—don't tell me. Gucci Parfum "says" (*says*), "I care for you." Parure by Guerlain "says exactly what you want it to say." The "Masumi experience" is "You touch Masumi. Masumi touches you." And the woman in the ad for Imprévu cries, "Turn me loose, Imprévu." Need one go on?

I'm still not sure how the horse fits in, but these ads do suggest that perfumes are taking charge. If this sounds crazy, read the December *Vogue*'s "Fragrance Guide," in which "brother/sister" fragrances are arranged to work together, perfumes in the left column, colognes on the right: ambush/canoe; cabochard/aramis; diorella/eau savage. First they're outspoken, witty, confident, up, jaunty, sporty, gallant, gutsy and authoritative. Then they have nicknames. Then they talk. Then they touch you. Then they grab you. Now they're going out with each other. And what are you going to do about it, you with your nose in the air?

Roger Rosenblatt

Correspondence

Henry Fairlie: Con

To the editors:

Several years ago, after a sustained reading of Henry Fairlie's stuff, I concluded regretfully that the gentleman is an ass. Regretfully, I say, because Mr. Fairlie rides off to his belletristic wars under a fine panache. It's disappointing to discover fatuity in a figure whose prose is so splendidly caparisoned; but there it is. The gentleman is an ass. And his polemic in your November 13 issue ("Press Against Politics") confirms the earlier conclusion. He is both a pompous ass and a consummate ass.

I venture these mild observations partly because of his whacks at me in his recent piece. He said I was "worthless to the point of professional fraudulence." That seems the least little bit unfriendly. But I have taken brisker hidings from better masters of the cane, and let it pass.

Mr. Fairlie becomes a pompous ass with his repeated pronouncements that "the fact is." He sets these pronouncements in italics, the better to emphasize their indisputable certainty. "*The fact is*," says Mr. Fairlie, for one example, "that David Broder has become an immodest distributor of cynical opinions."

But is this a *fact*? An italic *fact*? A fact beyond disputation? Plainly, no. It is opinion only. Mr. Fairlie has been at his typewriter, he says, for 31 years. I have been at mine for 35. We grow comparably long in the tooth. But I have learned more than he has. I have learned that facts are the most elusive game birds in the upland fields of our business.

When one is dealing with a *fact*, nothing is gained by writing "the fact is." The fact is self-evident. But if one is dealing with something that is not demonstrably a fact, merely to assert that "the fact is" does not make it so. The device is a rhetorical affectation; it evidences a certain contempt for the reader. Its repeated use is the unmistakable mark of the pompous ass.

And consummate ass. Mr. Fairlie is the intellectual descendant of Gratiano's Sir Oracle. When he opens his lips, let no dog bark. Mr. Fairlie lays it down, hoity-toity, that the duty of the political journalist—he implies the sole duty—is to supply moral information. By this Mr. Fairlie appears to mean that we should supply moral information that Mr. Fairlie finds agreeable. Because none of the rest of us meets his criteria, only George Will excepted, we are variously whimpering, slippery, witless, atrophied, unconvincing, or nauseating. Only he is pure. Only he pursues the Holy Grail. Henry Fairlie is like Henry Higgins. Why can't everyone be like me?

I happen to believe in the political process. Even as Mr. Fairlie, I have covered this process all my adult life. I have praised it when it seems to me to work well, and criticized it when it seems to me to work badly. If Mr. Fairlie were not so arrogant, if he were less afflicted with *hubris*, if he had done a cub reporter's job of research on my own writings, he would be aware that I have many times accorded warm praise to persons in public life whose views were diametrically opposed to my own. And if he were not so blinded by his own monstrous conceit, he would comprehend how ludicrous it is on his part to accuse an 18th century constitutionalist of "reaching always to what is most immediate and most vulgar."

I bear the gentleman no animus—no more animus, that is, than I bear for any other bastard who attacks my professional integrity and undertakes publicly to flay me with dull knives. I remark chiefly that in smearing "the best and brightest," myself excluded, Mr. Fairlie tells us a good deal about Mr. Fairlie, but nothing credible about them.

James J. Kilpatrick
Woodville, Virginia

To the editors:

I agree with Henry Fairlie's theme that most political journalists have been finessed (in part I think by conscious and unconscious fear of economic power) into pervasive cynicism about presidential politics ("Press Against Politics," *TNR*, Nov. 13). Yet it's ironic that in a piece berating journalists for cheap shots at political idealism, Fairlie takes three of his own.

George Will is indeed a columnist of unquestionable integrity, but it's quite specious (as well as vulgarly abusive) for Fairlie to reason that since Will could not accept Ford, James Kilpatrick's doing so shows Kilpatrick to be "vulgar," "worthless to the point of professional fraudulence," reaching for "the lowest common denominator of political motive," and so on. There was nothing dishonorable about a conservative's being for Ford after Reagan lost—it was the very quirkiness of Will's position (along with his apt excoriation of Dole on the subject of "Democrat wars") that convinced me Will is indisputably honest. As it happens I recently wrote Will my opinion that he and Kilpatrick stand in a class by themselves among honest and independent conservatives writing in the American press.

How tedious of Fairlie to brace Tom Wicker for alleged righteousness when Wicker has been doing, all along, precisely what Fairlie says political columnists should, giving us both personal commitment and moral information. And how vulnerably contemptuous for Fairlie to say Anthony Lewis "yaps" at this and that but only the day after the election exults over Carter's victory when in fact it was a column by Lewis early on that first called to my attention the fact that Carter consistently describes his political philosophy as populist. By excess in his examples Fairlie weakens his excellent argument. Not only Will, but also Kilpatrick, Wicker and Lewis practice the political journalism of moral information Fairlie rightly wants.

Ronnie Dugger
Austin, Texas

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Henry Fairlie: Pro

To the editors:
This is a note of thanks for your recent series of articles by Henry Fairlie. "Press Against Politics" in the November 13 edition is another contribution from his astute, lucid, lively, and passionate cast of mind. This is political opinion of the highest order—Mr. Fairlie has been saying some things that I have not heard said before, yet that ring immediately and profoundly true. His wisdom and hope are particularly appropriate to the advent of a Democratic and more optimistic Administration.

Harold Riedl
Baltimore, Maryland

Inside Information

To the editors:
In the November 20th issue ("Would-be Transition"), John Osborne reports the managements of the television networks agreed in secret to provide the President Ford Committee and White House assistants with raw data from late polls and projections, on election night, before the information was evaluated and broadcast.

That is untrue. There was no agreement—secret or otherwise—among the networks to do any such thing.

Mr. Osborne's assertion is insulting and demeaning to the hundreds of news professionals at NBC and the other networks.

NBC News did not—and does not—give polls or projections to any candidate, prior to broadcast.

Robert E. Mulholland
Executive Vice President
NBC News
New York, New York

In reply:
Beginning at around 6:30 on election evening, the President and a few associates received the kind of early and confidential information that I said they did from NBC and CBS. ABC was not involved. The arrangement was such that the NBC and CBS news managements may not have known about it, although my White House informant assumed at the time that they did and had approved it.

John Osborne

The Classifieds

Personals

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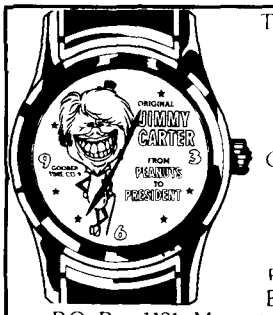

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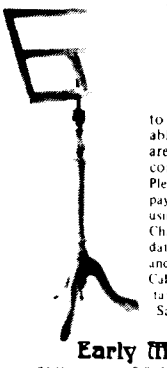

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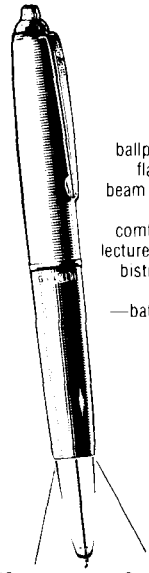

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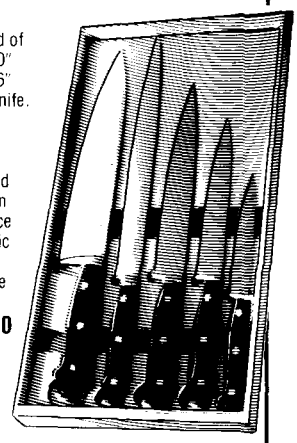

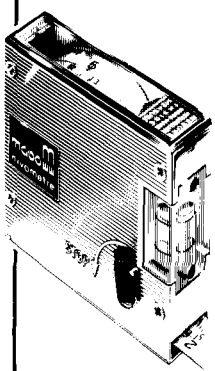

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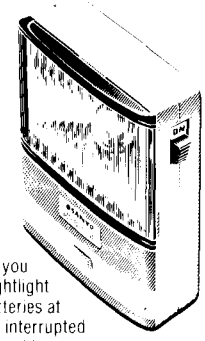

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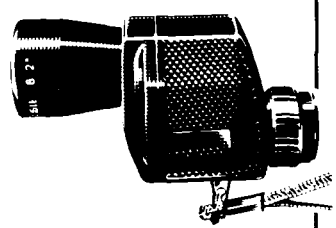

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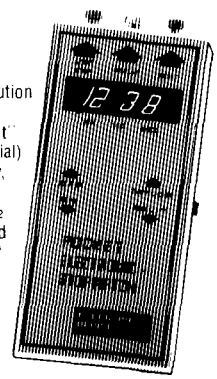

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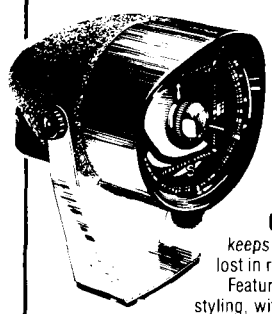

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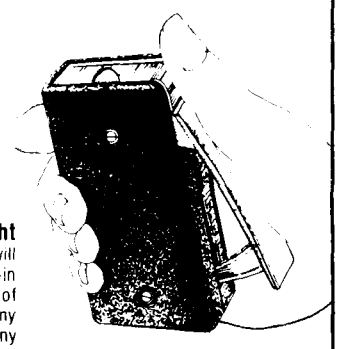

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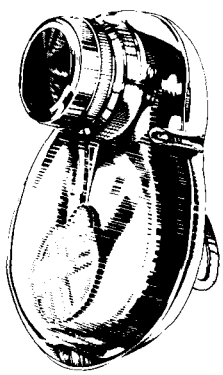

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